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LESSONS ON ELOCUTION
AND
READING FOR GIRLS

A. K. ISBISTER, L. L. B.

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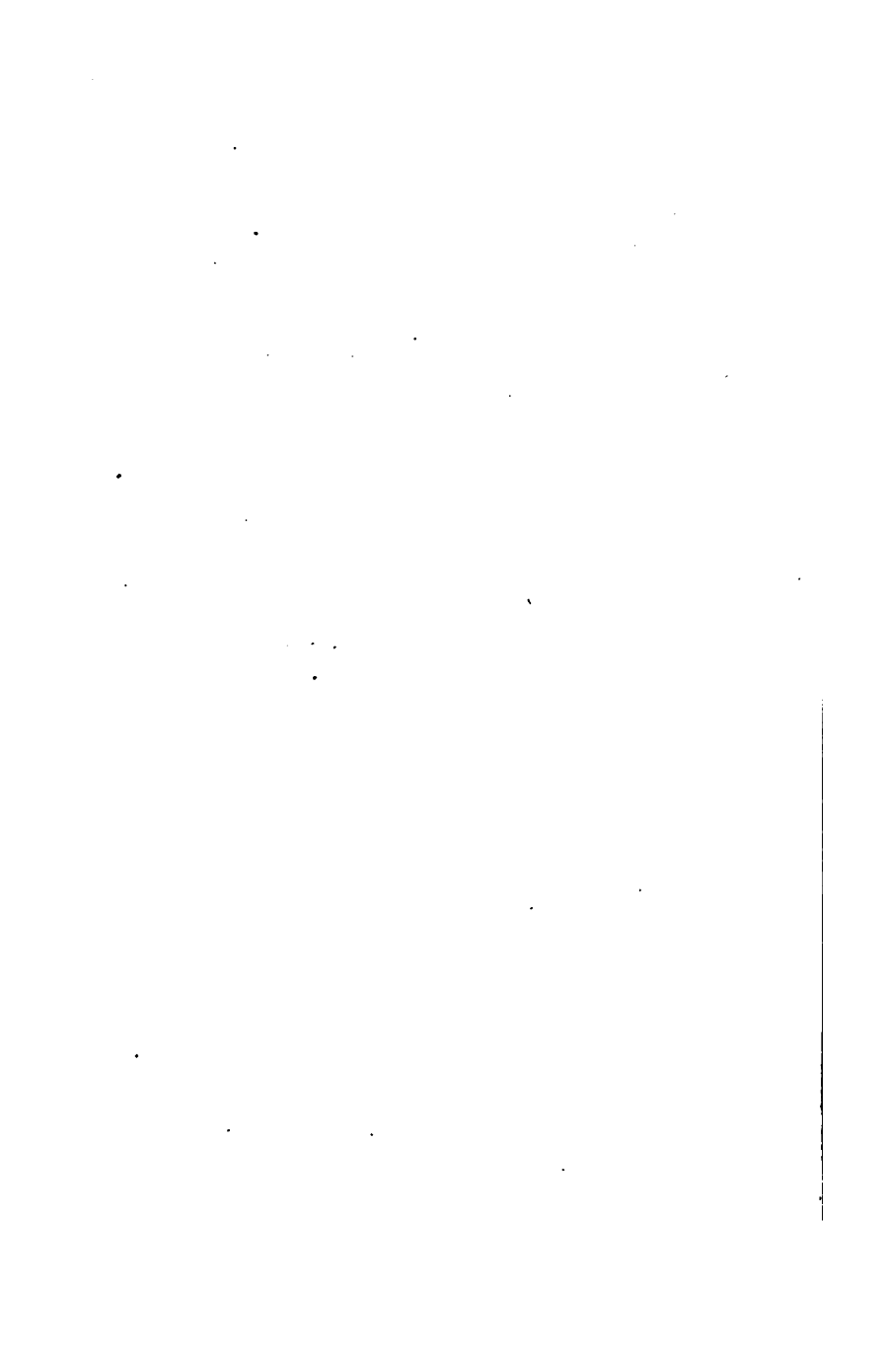
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Emphasis, Pauses, and the Analysis of Sentences:

with

A FIGURE SHOWING THE PROPER ATTITUDE IN READING.

BY

A. K. ISBISTER, M.A., LL.B.



LONDON:
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1870.

302. g 79.

'MANY persons speak well who read badly, and good reading is not necessarily allied with good speaking; but I confidently assert that the two arts are so nearly connected, that the easiest way to learn to speak, is to learn to read. But it is not alone as a pathway to speaking that I earnestly exhort you to the study of reading: it is an accomplishment to be sought for its own sake. It has incalculable uses and advantages apart from its introduction to oratory. Tolerable readers are few: *good* readers are extremely rare. Not one educated man in ten can read a paragraph in a newspaper with so much propriety, that to listen to him is a pleasure, and not a pain. . . . Why should this be? Why should correct reading be rare, pleasant reading be rarer still, and *good* reading found only in one man in ten thousand?'—EDWARD W. COX, *Letters to a Law Student*.

'LEARN to read well and you have the power of entertaining everybody in every situation—more persons for a longer time, in a more delightful manner, than if you were to play ever so well on a musical instrument, or sing ever so well. Out of a large company there will be found hardly one who loves music, and out of a multitude who love music, there will be hardly one real judge of it. Not so with fine reading: it is understood and relished by everybody.'—J. NEALE.

P R E F A C E.

THE present little work takes up a middle ground between the numerous 'Speakers' aiming more specifically to teach Declamation or Oratory, and the still more numerous class of 'Readers,' or 'Collections' where the object is mainly, if not entirely, by means of extracts selected from various authors, to convey information or entertainment to the reader. It aims primarily to teach the art of *easy, correct, and tasteful reading*, as an accomplishment and a necessary part of a good education, and in connection with this, and as an essential preliminary to excellence in it, to impart the habit of a close study of what is read, with a view to a thorough understanding of its meaning. With these objects, the pupil is conducted, first, through a series of Exercises in 'Articulation,' showing the powers of the letters, the mechanism by which the various sounds are produced, the effect of accent, syllabication, &c., illustrated by numerous examples, which, while they will afford ample practice in mastering the most difficult combinations, are well calculated to awaken the attention and excite the interest even of very young children. From Articulation, the learner is led by easy gradations to 'Expression,' where the effects of emphasis, inflection, and pauses, in modifying the force and application of words, are illustrated by appropriate Exercises. To promote the habit of a close study of the meaning, an analysis is given of an extract from the 'Deserted Village' of Goldsmith, setting out in detail the principal and subordinate sentences of which it consists, from which it will be seen how much all real grace and propriety of utterance depends on a perception of the logical relations of the successive sentences and their several parts. Extracts are also given, with marginal references

and annotations intended to draw the attention of the pupil to the alternations of thought and feeling in the passages selected, so as to serve as a guide to their proper expression in reading and delivery. The habit of a critical analysis of what is read being once formed, such aids may, as the pupil advances, be dispensed with, and they are accordingly by degrees discontinued. When this end has been attained, nature and habit will suggest the proper delivery, and rules and directions for the purpose become unnecessary.*

An additional reason which has influenced the compiler in the publication of this little volume has been the desire to furnish a Selection of Extracts, which, while they supply some of the most exquisite specimens of the literature of our native land, in almost every variety of style, are suitable for repetition by pupils of both sexes in schools. The good old practice of 'learning by heart' is, under the pressure of the numerous subjects which now demand attention in education, in some danger of losing its hold on schools. There can be no better means, however, for developing the taste and storing the memory with a choice vocabulary, than the practice of recitation, which, while it softens and refines the feelings, raises, by the study of the masterpieces of our literature, the general tone of the mind and of our thoughts, makes us familiar with the beauties of our language, and brings us into direct converse with some of the best and greatest men of all times. The teacher who has not given this important subject the attention it deserves, will do well to read the following extract from a lecture by Mr. Vernon Lushington, which will be found well deserving of perusal.

On Learning by Heart.

Till he has fairly tried it, I suspect a reader does not know how much he would gain from committing to memory passages of real excellence; precisely because he does not know how much he overlooks in merely reading. Learn one true poem by heart, and see if you do not find it so. Beauty after beauty will reveal itself, in chosen phrase, or happy music, or noble suggestion, otherwise undreamed of. It is like looking at one of Nature's wonders through

* The subject of Gesture, which forms one of the divisions of Elocution in its larger sense of ORATORY, is taken up in the more advanced work, *The Illustrated Public School Speaker*.

a microscope. Again: how much in such a poem that you really did feel admirable and lovely on a first reading, passes away, if you do not give it a further and much better reading!—passes away utterly, like a sweet sound, or an image on the lake, which the first breath of wind dispels. If you could only fix that image, as the photographers do theirs, so beautifully, so perfectly! And you can do so! Learn it by heart, and it is yours for ever!

I have said, a true poem; for naturally men will choose to learn poetry—from the beginning of time they have done so. To immortal verse the memory gives a willing, a joyous, and a lasting home. However, some prose is poetical, is poetry, and altogether worthy to be learned by heart; and the learning is not so very difficult. It is not difficult or toilsome to learn that which pleases us; and the labour, once given, is forgotten, while the result remains.

Poems and noble extracts, whether of verse or prose, once so reduced into possession and rendered truly our own, may be to us a daily pleasure;—better far than a whole library *unused*. They may come to us in our dull moments, to refresh us as with spring flowers; in our selfish musings, to win us by pure delight from the tyranny of foolish castle-building, self-congratulations, and mean anxieties. They may be with us in the work-shop, in the crowded streets, by the fireside; sometimes, perhaps, on pleasant hill-sides, or by sounding shores;—noble friends and companions—our own! never intrusive, ever at hand, coming at our call!

Shakspeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson,—the words of such men do not stale upon us, they do not grow old or cold. . . . Further: though you are young now, some day you will be old. Some day you may reach that time when a man lives in greater part for memory and by memory. I can imagine a chance renewal, chance visitation of the words long remembered, long garnered in the heart, and I think I see a gleam of rare joy in the eyes of the old man.

For those, in particular, whose leisure time is short, and precious as scant rations to beleaguered men, I believe there could not be a better expenditure of time than deliberately giving an occasional hour—it requires no more—to committing to memory chosen passages from great authors. If the mind were thus daily nourished with a few choice words of the best English poets and writers; if the habit of learning by heart were to become so general, that, as a matter of course, any person presuming to be educated amongst us might be expected to be equipped with a few good pieces,—I believe it would lead, far more than the mere sound of it suggests, to the diffusion of the best kind of literature, and the right appreciation of it, and men would not long rest satisfied with knowing a few stock pieces. . . .

The only objection I can conceive to what I have been saying is, that it may be said that a relish for higher literature belongs only to the few; that it is the result of cultivation; and that there is no use in trying to create what must be in general only a fictitious interest. But I do not admit that literature, even the higher literature, must belong to the few. Poetry is, in the main, essentially catholic—addressed to all men; and though some poetry requires particular knowledge and superior culture, much, and that the noblest, needs only natural feeling and the light of common experience. Such poetry, taken in moderation, followed with genuine good-will, shared in common, will be intelligible and delightful to most men who will take the trouble to be students at all, and ever more and more so.

Perhaps, also, there may be a fragment of truth in what Charles Lamb has said,—that any *spouting* ‘withers and blows upon a fine passage;’ that there is no enjoying it after it has been ‘pawed about by declamatory boys and men.’ But surely there is a reasonable habit of recitation as well as an unreasonable one; there is no need of declamatory pawing. To abandon all recitation, is to give up a custom which has given delight and instruction to all the races of articulately speaking men. If our faces are set against vain display, and set towards rational enjoyment of one another, each freely giving his best, and freely receiving what his neighbour offers, we need not fear that our social evenings will be marred by an occasional recitation, or that the fine passages will wither. And, moreover, it is not for reciting’s sake that I chiefly recommend this most faithful form of reading—learning by heart.

I come back, therefore, to this, that learning by heart is a good thing, and is neglected amongst us. Why is it neglected? Partly because of our indolence, but partly, I take it, because we do not sufficiently consider that it is a good thing, and needs to be taken in hand. We need to be reminded of it: I here remind you. Like a town-crier, ringing my bell, I would say to you, ‘Oyez, oyez! Lost, stolen, or strayed, a good ancient practice—the good ancient practice of learning by heart. Every finder should be handsomely rewarded,’

If any ask, ‘What shall I learn?’ the answer is, Do as you do with tunes—begin with what you sincerely like best, what you would most wish to remember, what you would most enjoy saying to yourself or repeating to another. You will soon find the list inexhaustible. Then ‘keeping up’ is easy. Every one has spare ten minutes; one of the problems of life is how to employ them usefully. You may well spend some in looking after and securing this good property you have won.

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INTRODUCTION.

PART I. ELOCUTION.

1. Elocution is the art of delivering written or spoken language in the way best calculated to express the sense, beauty, or force of the words employed by the speaker.

2. The requisites of a good delivery are :—

1. The clear **Enunciation** of separate words and their elements.

2. The just **Expression** of the sense of words in connected discourse.

3. Appropriate **Gesture**, comprehending under this head the attitude, motions, and aspect of countenance most suitable to lend animation and force to speech.

ENUNCIATION.

3. Enunciation is the distinct utterance of words in reading and speaking.

4. Enunciation depends for its distinctness on due attention to

1. Articulation.

2. Syllabication.

3. Accent.

ARTICULATION.

5. A good articulation consists in giving every letter and syllable of a word its due proportion of sound and distinctness.

6. In a perfect alphabet every sound would have its own letter, and every letter its own sound. But ours is not a perfect alphabet; for while there are *forty-two* simple sounds in the language,

there are but *twenty-six* letters by which they can be expressed. These sounds and the expedients adopted for representing them are exhibited in the following table, where they are indicated by the italic letters.

Ex. 1. Table of Elementary Sounds.

<i>a</i> in fate	<i>o</i> in no	<i>d</i> in do	<i>p</i> in pen	<i>ch</i> in church
„ fat	„ not	<i>f</i> „ fix	<i>r</i> „ roe	<i>sh</i> „ she
„ far	„ move	<i>g</i> „ gun	<i>s</i> „ son	<i>th</i> „ thin
„ fall	<i>u</i> „ tube	<i>h</i> „ hot	<i>t</i> „ top	„ thine
<i>e</i> „ me	„ tub	<i>j</i> „ judge	<i>v</i> „ van	<i>ng</i> „ ring
„ met	„ bull	<i>k</i> „ kill	<i>w</i> „ we	<i>wh</i> „ why
„ her	<i>oi</i> „ oil	<i>l</i> „ love	<i>y</i> „ yes	
<i>i</i> „ pine	<i>ou</i> „ house	<i>m</i> „ man	<i>z</i> „ zeal	
„ in	<i>ð</i> „ bed	<i>n</i> „ no	„ azure	

The letters *c*, *x*, *q* being superfluous letters (*c* hard = *k*, *c* soft = *s*, *x* = *ks*, *q* = *cu*) are in the above arrangement omitted.

ALPHABETIC EQUIVALENTS.

7. Tried by the test of the foregoing table, the English alphabet is both defective and redundant. There are simple sounds in the language for which there are no separate letters, and there are letters which represent several distinct sounds. Nor do the irregularities of our alphabet end here; for, as is shown in the subjoined lists, these sounds can in their turn be represented by a variety of other letters and combinations which are equivalent to them. A careful study of these equivalents is necessary to a complete view of the elementary sounds of the language.

Ex. 2. Substitutes for the Vowel Elements.

For *a* as in 'fate,' we have *aa*, *ai*, *ao*, *au*, *ay*, *ea*, *ei*, *cy*; as in *Aaron*, *sail*, *aorist*, *gauge*, *lay*, *great*, *vein*, *they*.

For *a* as in 'fat,' we have *ai*, *ua*; as in *plaid*, *guaranty*.

For *a* as in 'far,' we have *au*, *e*, *ea*, *ua*; as in *daunt*, *sergeant*, *heart*, *guard*.

For *a* as in 'fall,' we have *au*, *aw*, *eo*, *o*, *oa*, *ou*; as in *pause*, *hawk*, *George*, *horn*, *broad*, *sought*.

For *e* as in 'me,' we have *ea*, *ee*, *ei*, *eo*, *ey*, *i*, *ie*, *uay*; as in *weak*, *deep*, *seize*, *people*, *key*, *pique*, *brief*, *quay*.

For *e* as in 'met,' we have *ai*, *ay*, *ea*, *ei*, *eo*, *ie*, *u*, *ue*; as in *saith*, *says*, *dead*, *heifer*, *leopard*, *friend*, *bury*, *guest*.

For *e* as in 'her,' we have *ea*, *i*, *ou*, *ue*, *y*; as in *kerner*, *fir*, *scourge*, *guerdon*, *myrrh*.

For *i* as in 'pine,' we have *ai*, *ei*, *eye*, *ie*, *ui*, *uy*, *y*, *ye*; as in *aisle*, *sleight*, *eye*, *die*, *guide*, *buy*, *try*, *rye*.

For *i* as in 'in,' we have *e*, *ei*, *ie*, *o*, *u*, *ui*, *y*; as in *English*, *forfeit*, *sieve*, *women*, *busy*, *build*, *cygnet*.

For *o* as in 'no,' we have *au, cau, eo, ew, oa, oe, ou, ow*; as in *hautboy, beau, yeoman, sew, loaf, hoe, soul, flow*.

For *o* as in 'not,' we have *a, au, ou, ow, ua*; as in *what, nauseate, cough, knowledge, quantity*.

For *o* as in 'move,' we have *ew, oe, oo, ou, u, ui*; as in *grew, shoe, soon, soup, rude, fruit*.

For *u* as in 'tube,' we have *eau, eu, ew, ieu, iew, ue, ui, you*; as in *beauty, feud, dew, adieu, view, hue, juice, youth*.

For *u* as in 'tub,' we have *o, oe, oo, ou*; as in *love, does, blood, young*.

For *u* as in 'bull,' we have *o, oo, ou*; as in *wolf, cook, could*.

For *y* as in 'yes,' we have *i*; as in *onion, valiant*.

For *oi* as in 'oil,' we have *oy*; as in *joy*.

For *ou* as in 'house,' we have *ow*; as in *now*.

Ex. 3. Substitutes for Consonant Elements.

For *f* as in 'fox,' we have *gh, ph*, as in *laugh, sphere*.

For *j* as in 'judge,' we have *g* as in *gem, gin, gyre*.

For *k* as in 'kill,' we have *c, ch, q*, as in *can, chord, etiquette*.

For *s* as in 'son,' we have *c*, as in *cent, city, cygnet*.

For *t* as in 'top,' we have *d, th*, as in *faced, Thames*.

For *v* as in 'van,' we have *f, ph*, as in *of, Stephen*.

For *z* as in 'zeal,' we have *s, x*, as in *rose, xebec*.

For *ch* as in 'church,' we have *t*, as in *fustian, mixtion*.

For *sh* as in 'she,' we have *c, ch, s*, as in *ocean, chaise, sure*.

CONSONANT SOUNDS.

8. To ensure a clear and distinct articulation it is necessary, while giving to each vowel its proper sound, to take especial care to give full effect to the consonants, simple and compound, and more particularly those with which words begin and terminate. It is the consonant sounds which are mainly subservient to articulation; and hence the pupil should be well exercised in the repetition of such sounds, particularly those which he finds difficult to his organs. The following exercises, arranged with reference to the organs of speech, by which the requisite sounds are in each case produced, will be found well suited for this purpose. The letters requiring particular attention are printed in italics.

9. The sound of the consonants is modified by the position of the tongue, palate, lips, and teeth, and by the degree in which the air is permitted to pass between them or through the nose in the act of articulation.* Hence the terms, *lingual* (Lat. *lingua*,

* An *articulate* sound, in its literal meaning, is a sound proceeding from the articulation or *jointing* of the organs (Lat. *articulus*, a joint), and *articulation* is thus the art of closing or joining the organs in the production of speech.

the tongue); *palatal* (Lat. *palatum*, the palate); *labial* (Lat. *labia*, the lips); *dental* (Lat. *dentes*, the teeth); *guttural* (Lat. *guttur*, the throat), which appear in the following table:—

Organic Classification of Consonant Sounds.

	Voice.	Voiceless.
1. Labials	<i>b, m</i>	<i>p</i>
2. Labio-dental	<i>v</i>	<i>f</i>
3. Lingua-dental	<i>th</i> (then)	<i>th</i> (thin)
4. Lingua-palatal	<i>d, l, n, r, s</i>	<i>s, sh, t</i>
5. Lingua-guttural . . .	<i>g</i> (hard) <i>h, j, ng</i>	<i>k, wh, y</i>

The column headed 'voiceless,' includes the consonants which are produced by the breath alone without voice; and that headed 'voice' those to which voice is superadded. The distinction, which will be readily observed in attempting to pronounce the sounds represented by the corresponding pairs of consonants, *p-b*, *t-d*, *f-v*, *k-g*, is one of some importance in Elocution. The voice consonants partake much of the nature of vowels; and 'it is a pleasure to a good reader,' says Mr. Smart, 'when he has such sounds to utter. He dwells upon them, throws into them all the voice they are capable of receiving, and, through their means, mellows his whole pronunciation. But to an uncultivated reader all sounds come alike indifferent. He clutters them together, curtails them of their due length, deprives them of the share of voice which belongs to them, and thereby reduces them all to mutes or aspirates.'

Ex. 4. Labials (*b p, m*).

Formed by the contact of the lips.

pay, peer, pine, pope, pompous, sharp, deep, help, type,
bay, beer, bend, babe, bubble, rub, barb, bulb, tube, grub,
may, mean, mind, maim, remember, rhythm, drachm.

Peter Piper picked a peck of pepper.

The barbarous Hubert took a bribe

To kill the royal babe.

Of man's miraculous mistakes this bears the palm.

And bubbling and troubling and doubling

And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,

And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping;

All at once and all o'er with a mighty uproar,

And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

Ex. 5. Labio-dentals (*f, v*).

Formed by the contact of the lower lip with the upper teeth.

feel, fee, fine, foe, fifty, fifth, phial, wife, rough, stuff.

vain, veer, vile, voice, revive, evolve, nephew, hive, nerve.

The *flag* of freedom floats once more aloft.
 He filled the draught and freely quaffed,
 And puffed the fragrant fume and laughed.
 Progressive virtue and approving heaven.

Wave your tops, ye pines,
 With every plant in sign of worship wave.

Ex. 6. Lingua-dentals (*th* [thin] *th* [thine]).

Formed by the application of the tongue to the fore-teeth.

thane, think, through, thwack, thousandth, warmth, health,
than, they, thus, then, thyself, wither, lathe, breathe, clothes.

Theodore Thickthorn thrust thistles through the thick of his thumb.

Soft as the thrill that memory throws across the soul.

And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows.

Almighty! Thine this universal frame,

Thus wondrous fair, Thyself how wondrous then!

Has God, thou fool! worked solely for thy good,

Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?

Ex. 7. Lingua-palatals (*d, l, n, r**, *s**, *sh, t, z**).

Formed by the application of the fore-part of the tongue to the fore-part of the palate.

day, dew, did, drove, adjudged, derided, strengthenedst,
lass, let, lip, love, lily, lovely, blame, lull, unable, pestle,
nay, new, nip, none, gnash, nun, inn, impugn, scenery,
ray, † red, rid, road, rural, roarèr, very, wiry, wrestlers,
bar, † here, third, pure, commerce, northern, arm, hearth,
sad, send, siege, soil, serious, sense, sceptre, hosts, Psyche,
shame, shell, shirk, shore, shriek, sash, shrove, rush, shawl,
tan, tear, tease, torn, toast, tart, tempt, debt, brittlest,
zeal, zest, zebra, zone, zigzag, blaze, zephyr, doze, amaze.

His sister is a thistle-sifter, and she sifts thistles with a thistle-sifter.

What man dare I dare!

Approach thou, like the rugged Russian bear,

The armed rhinoceros, the Hyrcan tiger.

The shade he sought, and shunned the sunshine,

* In the case of *r, s*, and *z* the contact of the tongue and palate is not complete. *R* has two sounds, the *trilled* 'r' before a vowel and at the beginning of words or syllables, produced by the rapid vibration of the tip of the tongue; and the *smooth* 'r' before a consonant, when the trill is either omitted or feebly uttered.

† Trilled.

‡ Smooth.

The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
 Zephyr with Aurora playing.
 As he met her once a maying
 Over beds of violets blue,
 And fresh blown roses washed in dew,
 Promised her to thee.

Ex. 8. Lingua-gutturals (*g, h, j, k, ng, wh, y*).

Formed by the application of the back part of the tongue to the palate.

gay, got, gun, guide, gregarious, giggle, dig, egg, vague,
 hay, hew, home, health, house, perhaps, inhale, adhere,
 jam, jelly, jovial, juice, judge, rajah, conjure, perjury,
 key, Koran, Kurd, king, kirk, kick, back, chalk, Turkish,
 ring, sing, long, sang, singing, longer, nothing, amongst,
 what, when, whom, wheat, whirlwind, whispering, whisky,
 yarn, ye, you, year, yeoman, beyond, yonder, youth, by.

He had learnt the whole art of healing by heart.

There are rags, figs, and drugs in these bags.

Judge not, that ye be not judged.

*A giddy giggling girl, her kinsfolks' plague,
 Her manners vulgar and her converse vague.*

*Yelled on the view the opening pack,
 Rock, glen, and cavern paid them back.*

VOWEL SOUNDS.

10. The vowel sounds, for the purposes of reading, may be divided into two classes, the accented or long vowels, and the unaccented or short vowels. While the proper pronunciation of the consonant sounds, is essential to distinct articulation, it is of primary importance that attention be paid also to the vowel sounds, as the proper use of these furnishes one of the most effectual safeguards against every form of provincialism. One of the most striking defects in the reading and speaking of ill-educated persons is a vulgar pronunciation of the vowels, more especially those not under accent. Thus we hear *possible, singular, regular, particular*, sounded as if written *possuble, singlar, reglar, particular*. In the following exercises a full and prolonged sound is to be given to the long vowels marked by an accent, while a shorter but still distinct sound is to be given to the unaccented vowels, printed in italics, in the second extract.

Ex. 9. Long Vowels.

Wóe, to the traitors! Wóe.

Awáke! Arise! or be for éver fallen.

To arms ! To arms ! A thousand voices cried.
 Arouse there ! Hó ! take spear and sword,
 Attack the murderers of your lord.
 He thrów his blood-stained sword in thúnder down,
 The combat déepens. Ón, ye brave !
 Who rush to glóry or the gráve.
 He búrsts upon them all ;—
 Búrst as a wáve that from the clóuds impénds,
 And swéll'd with témpests on the ship descénds ;
 White are the decks with fóam.

Ex. 10.**Unaccented Vowels.**

Temperature depends upon the property all bodies possess, more or less, of perpetually absorbing and emitting or radiating heat. When the interchange is equal, the temperature of a substance remains the same ; but when the radiation exceeds the absorption it becomes colder, and *vice versa*. The radiation is abundant when the sky is still, clear and blue ; but clouds intercept it, so that a thermometer rises in cloudy weather and sinks when the air becomes clear and calm ; even a slight mist diminishes radiation from the earth because it returns as much heat as it receives. The temperature of the air is subject to such irregularities from these circumstances, and from the difference of the radiating powers of the bodies at the surface of the globe, that it is necessary to find by experiment the mean or average warmth of the day, month, and year at a great variety of places, in order to have a standard by which the temperature in different parallels of latitude may be compared.—*Mrs. Somerville.*

SYLLABICATION.

11. When the student has attained a complete command over the articulation of the elementary sounds, he should proceed to analyse the construction of syllables, more especially those combinations which do not readily unite in one syllabic impulse. The chief difficulties in such combinations arise from the presence of allied or reduplicated consonants, or a hiatus of vowels, where the sounds are apt with careless readers and speakers to run into each other, producing an indistinctness of utterance, and not unfrequently a confusion of the sense. The best rule in all such cases is, to take care that the organs completely finish one articulation before beginning to form another. Where a word or a sentence ends, and the next begins with the same or an allied consonant, a difficulty of utterance arises that should be obviated by dwelling on the final consonant, and then taking up the one at the beginning of the next word in a second impulse of the voice with a short pause between.

Ex. 11. Allied and Coalescent Sounds.

aerial, aorta, iota, oasis, geographer, zoologist, zootomy ;
 clouded, didst ; probe, probed, probedst ; roar, roared, roaredst ;
 prompt'st, sharpen'dst, imprison'dst, intercept'dst, February ;
 herb broth, limp paper, good day, deaf fellow, twelfth thrust ;
 top boy, delf vessel, silk gowns, live fish, its zest, his isthmus.

A great error often exists
 A great terror often exists
 A languid aim
 A languid dame
 His cry moved me
 His crime moved me
 Wastes and deserts
 Waste sand deserts

He built him an ice house
 He built him a nice house
 Such a notion exists
 Such an ocean exists
 His brothers ought to owe nothing
 His brothers sought to owe nothing
 He could pain nobody
 He could pay nobody

ACCENT.

12. While exercises like the foregoing cannot fail to prove useful in acquiring a clear and firm articulation, care must be taken to avoid the fault of a measured and pedantic manner of speaking and reading, which an exaggerated distinctness of pronunciation is apt to produce. The best corrective to this is a proper use of *accent*, which is that stress of the voice by which one syllable of a word is made more prominent than others, and by which the necessary variety and animation are imparted to speech. Accent being a matter of usage, for which there is no rule but the language of good society and the practice of the best speakers, the student's only sure guide is reference to a dictionary—a laborious process, but which will yield results in time. We can only here notice, among other illustrations of the importance of accent, a few of that large class of words, which, though composed of the same letters, assume with a change of accentuation a different meaning.

Ex. 12. Words varied by Accent.

Note the mark of *accent*, and *accént* the right syllable.
 If they *reprimánd* him, he will not regard their *réprimand*.
 Why does your *ábsent* friend so frequently *absént* himself?
Désert us not in the *désert*.

My *incréase* serves but to *incréase* your wealth.

Did you *abstráct* from my desk, the *ábstráct* of the speech I made?

Man is *instínt* with reason, but with the lower animals reason gives place to *instínt*.

About a *minúte* afterwards I picked up a *minúte* piece of gold from the ground.

The month of *Aúgust* derives its name from the *augúst* founder of the line of Roman Emperors, Augustus.

EXPRESSION.

13. After the student has acquired distinctness of articulation and the correct pronunciation of single words, he may proceed to the next stage in the study of Elocution—*Expression*, which deals with groups of words, and the sense expressed by them when they are combined in sentences. In this process he has not, as before, merely to give each word its full sound; he must mould the pronunciation of each according to the meaning it is designed to convey, and in accordance with certain laws of speech by which, in a collocation of sounds the object of which is to produce a definite impression on the mind, some must be subordinated to others, and some modified so as to harmonise with those which precede or follow. Expression depends for its effectiveness on attention to

1. Inflection.

3. Emphasis.

2. Modulation.

4. Pause.

14. The basis of Expression is a right understanding of the meaning, and the best key to this meaning is a familiarity with the principles of construction developed by the logical analysis of the sentence. The simplest form of the sentence is that when it is formed of a single subject and a single predicate, e. g., 'boys—read;' and here the most uncultivated reader can hardly fail to give each word its proper expression. When this sentence becomes enlarged by the addition of an object or other accessories, e. g.,

'The-boys-of-this-class...will-read...a-lesson-in-history,' the members of the sentence, though consisting of several grammatical parts, are in meaning indivisible, and in delivery may be regarded as one word of many syllables, subject to the same general laws of expression as when the members consisted of single words. The student who keeps this principle before him, will always be in the right track for reading even the most complicated passages with an intelligent appreciation of the sense to be conveyed. Practice will lead him to the habit of keeping the eye so far in *advance* of the lips, as to enable him to grasp the purport of a sentence, and rapidly analyse it before he has actually begun to read it,—an accomplishment without which he can never become an effective reader, and which will be found not so difficult in practice as it may appear in description.

INFLECTION.

15. Inflection is the name applied to the slides which the voice makes in going from one note to another in reading or speaking.

16. All notes of the voice are either Continuative, Acute, or Grave, or a combination of these.

When the tone is continuative, it is called a **Monotone**.*

When it slides upwards, the **Rising Inflection**.

When it slides downwards, the **Falling Inflection**.

When the slides are united, the **Circumflex Inflection**.

17. Inflection may be illustrated by a reference to the distinction between *musical* and *speaking* sounds. Musical sounds continue for a given time on one point or pitch of the musical scale, and leap as it were from one note to another as in striking the keys of the pianoforte. The sounds produced in speaking, instead of dwelling on the note they begin with, slide either upwards or downwards, as in the *mewing* sound produced in playing the violin when the finger is made to slide up and down the string while the bow is drawn across it. It is to these waves or *bendings* of the voice that the name *Inflection* (Lat. *inflecto*, I bend) is applied. The rise and fall of the sounds produced by inflection, their swelling or sinking according to the requirements of the sense, constitutes one of the greatest charms of good reading.

Monotone or Subdued Inflection.

18. The Monotone is well suited for the delivery of passages of a solemn or elevated character, which raise emotions of sublimity, awe, reverence or terror.

Ex. 13. Examples of Monotone.

And the earth was without form and void, and darkness was on the face of the deep, and the Spirit of God moved on the face of the waters.

Man that is born of a woman, is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh up like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat.

* A monotone in the strict sense cannot be properly included under the head of Inflection, which from its very definition implies a constant *change* of voice. But there is in reality no such thing as an unvaried repetition of the same tone in speaking. What is called a monotone is—to employ Mr. Bell's definition—'an emphatic prolongation of the continuative tone in which the inflections are subdued as much as possible.' It is in this approximative sense only of *subdued inflections* that monotones are employed in elocution.

How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marbled heads,
To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.

Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth doth murder sleep—the innocent sleep—
Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care—
The death of each day's life—sore labour's bath—
Balm of hurt minds—great Nature's second course—
Chief nourisher in life's feast.'
Still it tried, 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:
'Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more!'

Table of Inflections.

19. Of Inflections, properly so called, there are, as already stated, three kinds. As a general rule, the rising inflection is used at that part of a sentence where the sense is incomplete, and the falling inflection where the sense is completed. The circumflex or compound inflection both ascends and descends in what may be described as a wave of the voice, and is generally used in vehement interrogation, or in the expression of contempt, irony, sarcasm, derision, contrast, or reproach. The Exercises which follow afford examples of each of these kinds of inflection.

Anyone who understands the distinction between the principal and the secondary clauses of a sentence, will readily recognise the situations where a rising or a falling inflection should take place. For the assistance of the reader the rising inflection is indicated in the following Exercises by the acute accent ('); the falling by the grave ('); and the compound by the circumflex accent (^) when it commences with a *rising* and ends with a *falling* slide of the voice, and by the circumflex reversed (v) when it commences with a *falling* and ends with a *rising* slide.

Ex. 14.

RISE AND FALLING INFLECTIONS.

The Rising followed by the Falling.
Does he deserve fame' or blame'?
Did he act properly' or improperly'?
Was it done correctly' or incorrectly'?
Did he do it willingly' or unwillingly'?
Does he read distinctly' or indistinctly'?
Was she rational' or irrational'?
Should we say yes' or no'?
Did he say idle' or idiol'?
Does he mean gesture' or jester'?
Should we say relic' or relict'?
We should not say holy' but wholly'?

The Falling followed by the Rising.
He deserves blame' not fame'.
He acted properly' not improperly'.
It was done correctly' not incorrectly'.
He did it willingly' not unwillingly'.
He reads distinctly' not indistinctly'.
She was rational' not irrational'.
We should say yes' not no'.
He said idle' not idiol'.
He means gesture' not jester'.
We should say relic' not relict'.
We should say holy' not wholly'.

CIRCUMFLEX INFLECTIONS.

Rising and Falling.

Hear him, my lords; he is wondrous
con[˘]de[˘]scend[˘]ing.

And it shall go hard but I will use the
in[˘]for[˘]ma[˘]tion.

If you do that, we will do this.

He never attempted that. Oh, no.

No doubt ye are the people, and
wisdom will die with you.

Falling and Rising.

He is your friend not your enemy.

He? what! he?

Oh, but he paused upon the brink.

You could not surely mean this.

Why not?

All our other calamities were tolera-
ble; but no one could bear the death
of Clodius.

20. Writers on Elocution lay down a variety of rules to guide the pupil in the use of inflections, but it may be doubted whether they are of much practical value. Besides the fact that all voices are not of the same compass, and cannot be inflected with the same ease, variety, or effect, such rules can only in a very few cases be regarded as absolute. Individual taste and judgment, based on a thorough understanding of the subject-matter, must decide in general when the voice must rise and fall. Some of the leading canons given in works on Elocution may be noticed.

Use the Rising Inflection. 1. Between the subject and predicate. 2. Between the principal subordinate clauses of a complex sentence. 3. Between the parts of a compound sentence signifying concession, comparison, or contrast. 4. After exclamations of surprise in the echo of words. 5. After questions introduced by verbs.

Use the Falling Inflection. 1. At the end of a sentence. 2. At the end of clauses completing the sense. 3. After exclamations of solemnity, awe, or strong admiration. 4. After questions introduced by pronouns and adverbs.

MODULATION.

21. The key or scale of the inflections may frequently be varied to express more forcibly the emotions inspired by the subject. Sometimes the feeling embodied in the passage to be read or spoken may be most appropriately expressed by pitching the voice in a high key, at other times in a low key. The changes or shifts of the voice in passing from one key to another constitute the special subject of *Modulation*, which teaches the proper adaptation of the tones of the voice to the character of the matter to be delivered. Every change of modulation is usually accompanied by changes of **Tone** and **Time**.

The change of voice is sometimes made to a proximate key; at other times a bold and abrupt transition to a remote key is

necessary to produce the desired effect. These abrupt transitions constitute the distinction between Modulation and *Inflection*, which proceeds in a continuous and unbroken movement from one note of the vocal scale to another.*

Tone.

22. Every person in reading and speaking assumes a certain pitch or key, which may be either high or low, according to the nature of the subject, and which exercises a governing influence on the variations of the voice above and below it. The voice has been considered capable of assuming three such keys—the *low*, the *high*, and the *middle*. From these the inflections may proceed upwards or downwards, ranging through the various degrees of intonation necessary to express the different shades of passion and emotion.

A distinction should be observed between the terms *high* and *low*, and *loud* and *soft*, which are often but erroneously regarded as synonymous. The latter, like the *forte* and *piano* in music to which they precisely correspond, denote merely the degree of force or volume of sound it may be deemed necessary to use in the same key, while the former intimate a change of key altogether. A sound may be high and soft, as well as high and loud. *Pitch* is thus independent of *force*, though *force* adds frequently much to the effect of *pitch*.

Low Tone.

23. The Low Tone falls below the usual speaking key, and is employed in expressing emotions of *fear*, *caution*, *secrecy*, *solemnity*, and *tender emotions generally*.

Ex. 15.

O coward conscience, how dost thou affright me!
The light burns blue. It is now dead midnight;
Cold, fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.

Tread softly, bow the head—

In reverent silence bow.

No passing bell doth toll,

Yet an immortal soul

Is passing now.

'Speak low,' he cries, and gives his little hand;

'Mamma's asleep upon the dew cold sand:

Alas! we both with cold and hunger quake:

Why do you weep? Mamma will soon awake.'

* In the language of *music*, from which the term has been borrowed, modulation means the change of the key or mode in conducting the melody; and in a narrower sense the transition from one key to another.

Middle Tone.

24. This is the tone of common discourse, and is used in *ordinary conversation, narrative, reflection, &c.*

Ex. 16.

I have seen
A curious child who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
To which in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intently; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for murmurings from within
Were heard—sonorous cadences; whereby,
To his belief, the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things;
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power,
And central peace subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation.

High Tone.

25. The High Tone is that which rises above the usual speaking key, and is used in expressing *elevated and joyous feelings and strong emotions.*

Ex. 17.

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head;
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!
A thousand hearts are great within my bosom;
Advance our standards! set upon our foes!
Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms.

Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God—and your native land.

Time.

26. Time is an important element in modulation, as much of the sentiment and effect of a passage depends on the slow or rapid utterance with which it is pronounced. Like Tone,

with which it is closely connected in Expression, it may be considered under three heads ; as *Quick*, *Moderate*, and *Slow*.

27. Between these limits there may of course be many varieties in the rate or movement of words in speaking. Some writers on Elocution have attempted to apply a definite notation, borrowed from the language of music, to the principal varieties, e. g.

<i>Adagio</i> , very slow.	<i>Staccato</i> , successive, sharp, distinct tones.
<i>Andante</i> , middle degree.	<i>Sostenuto</i> , successive tones blended.
<i>Allegro</i> , quick.	<i>Ritardando</i> , slackening the time.
<i>Presto</i> , very quick.	<i>Accelerando</i> , quickening the time.

Quick Time.

28. Quick Rate is used to express *joy*, *mirth*, *raillery*, *violent anger*, and *excited states generally*.

Ex. 18. Now strike the golden lyre again !
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain !
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder !
 Hark ! hark !—the horrid sound
 Has raised up his head
 As awaked from the dead,
 And, amazed, he stares around.
 ‘Revenge ! revenge !’ Timotheus cries—
 ‘See the Furies arise,
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand ;
 These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
 And unburied remain
 Inglorious on the plain !
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew.
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glitt’ring temples of the hostile gods.’
 The princes applaud with a furious joy ;
 And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;
 Thais led the way
 To light them to their prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Moderate Time.

29. Moderate Rate is used in *narrative*, *description*, *argument*, and *unimpassioned speech*.

- Ex. 19.** Once in the flight of ages past
 There lived a man; and who was he?
 Mortal, howe'er thy lot be cast,
 That man resembled thee.
- He suffered, but his pangs are o'er;
 Enjoyed, but his delights are fled;
 Had friends, his friends are now no more;
 And foes, his foes are dead.
- He saw whatever thou hast seen;
 Encountered all that troubles thee:
 He was whatever thou hast been;
 He is what thou shalt be.

Slow Time.

30. Slow Rate is used to express awe, dignity, deliberation, grief, and solemn discourse generally.

- Ex. 20.** His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Whereon doth sit the dread and fear of kings.
- Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
 In rayless majesty now stretches forth
 Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumberous world.
 Silence how dead! and darkness how profound!
 Nor eye nor listening ear an object finds:
 Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
 Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause—
 An awful pause; prophetic of her end.

Ex. 21. *Time and Tone combined.*

- | | | |
|---------------|---|---|
| <i>High</i> | { | Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more, |
| <i>Tone.</i> | | Or close the wall up with our English dead! |
| <i>Middle</i> | { | In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man, |
| <i>Tone.</i> | | As modest stillness and humility; |
| <i>Short</i> | { | But when the blast of war blows in our ears, |
| <i>and</i> | | Then imitate the action of the tiger; |
| <i>Quick.</i> | { | Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood, |
| | | Disguise fair nature with hard-favoured rage. |
| <i>High</i> | { | On! on! you noblest English, |
| <i>and</i> | | Whose blood is fetched from fathers of war-proof! |
| <i>Quick.</i> | { | Fathers, that like so many Alexanders, |
| | | Have in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument. |
| <i>Very</i> | { | I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips, |
| <i>High</i> | | Straining upon the start. The game's afoot; |
| <i>and</i> | { | Follow your spirits, and, upon this charge, |
| <i>Quick.</i> | | Cry—Heaven for Harry! England! and St. George! |

EMPHASIS.

31. Emphasis is a special stress laid upon one or more words of a sentence, in order to give them the prominence and importance which the author intends. Emphasis generally may be divided into two kinds :

1. Emphasis of Sense.
2. Emphasis of Feeling.

32. Words may be rendered prominent or emphatic in several ways, e.g. By an increased *stress* of the voice on the emphatic word ; by varying the *inflection*, to denote antithesis, doubt, negation, irony, &c. ; by varying the *time*, by prolonging or abridging the sound of the emphasised word ; by altering the *pitch*, to express any sudden emotion, or in descending from a higher to a lower note, or *vice versâ* ; by the use of *monotone*, to give expression to solemn or sublime passages ; or by the *pause*, by which the emphatic word is separated from those parts of the sentence which precede or follow it. To determine the emphatic word of a sentence, as well as the *degree* and *kind* of emphasis to be employed, the reader must be governed wholly by the sentiment to be conveyed. The idea is sometimes entertained that emphasis consists merely in force or loudness of tone. But it should be borne in mind that the most marked emphasis may often be expressed by a whisper.

Emphasis of Sense.

33. The Emphasis of Sense is a stress laid upon one or more words in a sentence to bring out its meaning more clearly.

34. The reader must be guided in the application of the Emphasis of Sense by the grammatical arrangement of the words of the sentence, and by the relation which the whole sentence bears to the context. The importance of Emphasis is such that, if it be not laid in the proper place, the meaning of the sentence will be completely altered. This will be obvious from the following examples, which have been arranged in the form of question and answer, and it will be seen that the answers vary in each case according to the position of the emphatic word.

Ex. 22. *Variation of the Sense by Emphasis.*

Shall you ride to town *to-day*?

No ; but I shall to-morrow.

Shall you ride to *town* to-day?

No ; I shall ride into the country.

Shall you *ride* to town to-day?

No ; I propose to walk.

Shall *you* ride to town to-day?

No; I shall send my servant.

Shall *you* ride to town to-day?

Yes; why did you think I would not?

In all these Examples it will be seen that there is an opposition or antithesis implied. When the question is asked, 'Shall you ride to town to-day?' the emphatic 'to-day' is in opposition or contrast to the statement that I shall go *to-morrow*. Hence this kind of Emphasis is often described as *antithetic*, in contrast to the *absolute* Emphasis of Feeling, which distinguishes words without suggesting relation or contrast.

Emphasis of Feeling.

35. Emphasis of feeling is a stress laid upon words, not because the sense intended to be conveyed requires it, but because it is prompted by the force of the speaker's own feelings.

36. This species of Emphasis, used under strong emotion and in vehement or impassioned discourse, is one of the chief instruments of effective speaking. It is an expression of strong feeling in a form that breaks through ordinary rules, and renders the most insignificant particle important. As it distinguishes words without any suggestion of contrast or relation, it is, as already stated, sometimes called *general* or *absolute* Emphasis, in contradistinction to *antithetic* Emphasis, where contrast is always implied. It is not so much regulated by the sense of the author as by the taste and feelings of the reader, and therefore does not admit of any precise rules. Its use will be best illustrated by a few Examples.

Ex. 23. Examples of the Emphasis of Feeling.

But see! the enemy retire.

Why will ye die? O house of Israel.

To-morrow, didst thou say? *TO-MORROW?*

It is a period *nowhere* to be found

In all the *hoary registers* of time.

—What men could do

Is done already; heaven and earth will witness,

If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

There was a time, my fellow citizens, when the Lacedemonians were sovereign masters by sea and land; when their troops and forts surrounded the entire circuit of Attica; when they possessed Eubœa, Tanagra, the whole Bœotian district, Megara, Egina, Cleone, and the other islands; while this state had not one ship, *no, not—one—wall.*

PAUSE.

37. Pauses are suspensions of the voice in reading and speaking, used to mark various states of feeling, and to give effect to expression. Like emphasis, with which it is closely allied, it may be considered under two heads,—the *Logical Pause* and the *Pause of Feeling*.

38. The Pause is one of the most effective elements in reading and declamation, and its importance cannot be too strongly impressed on the pupil. The ordinary marks of punctuation, though useful so far as they go, are insufficient for the purposes, not only of expression, but of sense, even when they are (as they are not always) correctly placed; for as Mr. Walker justly observes, ‘Not half the pauses are found in printing which are heard in the pronunciation of a good reader or speaker.’ The difficulty of laying down absolute rules for the proper use of these pauses, is shown by the arbitrary and perplexing directions on this subject given in most of our current text-books on elocution. In the following Exercises an attempt has been made to place the theory of pauses on its only true basis, the relations developed by the logical analysis of the sentence,

The Logical Pause.

39. This Pause has for its object the separation of the sentence into its logical elements, and indicates the breaks or pauses of the sense formed at each recurring group of words made up of the subject predicate and object, and their extensions. As already explained (§ 14), these must be considered as forming so many *oratorical words*, indivisible in meaning, however made up of grammatical parts.

40. In the following extract from the ‘Deserted Village’ of Goldsmith, the logical relations of the successive sentences and their several parts, and the pauses founded on them, are indicated to the eye by breaks in the proper places. Each sentence is separated into its logical elements, and the distinction between principal and subordinate clauses is indicated by a very simple notation. Principal clauses are distinguished by capital letters, and the clauses subordinate to them by a corresponding small letter, the *degree* of subordination in each case being indicated by the index figure attached to the letter, as shown in the following scheme:

Principal Clauses A, B, C, D, E, &c.

Subordinate Clauses	{	1st remove a ₁ , 2a ₁ , 3a ₁ ; b ₁ , 2b ₁ , 3b ₁ , &c.
		2nd remove a ₂ , 2a ₂ , 3a ₂ ; b ₂ , 2b ₂ , 3b ₂ , &c.
		3rd remove a ₃ , 2a ₃ , 3a ₃ ; b ₃ , 2b ₃ , 3b ₃ , &c.*

The perpendicular line|denotes the Cæsural Pause.

* A full account of the Analysis of Sentences, with an explanation of the notation here employed, will be found in the writer’s ‘Elements of English Grammar.’

Ex. 24.

THE VILLAGE PASTOR.

Marked to show the Logical Pauses founded on the Analysis of Sentences.

Sweet was the sound, - when oft, at evening's close,	A
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ; -	a ₁
*There, - as I pass'd with careless step and slow, -	b ₁
The mingled notes came soften'd from below ; -	B
The swain responsive - as the milk-maid sung, -	C; c ₁
The sober herd - that low'd to meet their young ; -	D; d ₁
The noisy geese - that gabbled o'er the pool, -	E; e ₁
The playful children just let loose from school ; -	F
The watch-dog's voice - that bay'd the whispering wind, -	G; g ₁
And the loud laugh - that spoke the vacant mind : -	H; h ₁
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade, -	I
And fill'd each pause - the nightingale had made. -	J; j ₁
But now the sounds of population fail, -	A
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale, -	B
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread, -	C
But all the blooming flush of life is fled :	D
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing, -	E
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring ;	e ₁
She, wretched matron, forced, in age, for bread,	
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,	
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,	
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn ;	
She only left of all the harmless train,	
The sad historian of the pensive plain. -	
Near yonder copse, - where once the garden smiled, -	a ₁
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild, -	2 a ₁
There, - where a few torn shrubs the place disclose, -	3 a ₁
The village preacher's modest mansion rose. -	A
A man he was to all the country dear,	A
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ; -	
Remote from towns he ran his godly race, -	B
Nor e'er had changed, - nor wish'd to change, his place ; -	C; D
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power	E
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ; -	
For other aims his heart had learned to prize,	F
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise. -	
His house was known to all the vagrant train, -	A
He chid their wanderings, - but relieved their pain ; -	B; C
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest, -	D
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ; -	d ₁
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,	E
Claim'd kindred there, - and had his claims allow'd ; -	F
The broken soldier, kindly bid to stay,	
Sat by his fire, - and talk'd the night away ; -	; H

* A divided sentence, of which there are several other examples in the extract. 'There' belongs to the principal clause B on the next line, from which it is separated by the intervening subordinate clause b₁.

Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done, -	I
Shoulder'd his crutch, - and show'd - how fields were won. -	J; K
Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow, -	A
And quite forgot their vices in their woe; -	B
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,	
His pity gave - ere charity began. -	C; c ₁
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride, -	A
And even his failings lean'd to virtue's side; -	B
But in his duty prompt at every call,	
He watched - and wept, - he pray'd - and felt, for all: -	C; D; E; F
And, - as a bird each fond endearment tries,	g ₁
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies, -	
He tried each art, - reproved each dull delay, -	G; H
Allured to brighter worlds, - and led the way. -	I; J
Beside the bed - where parting life was laid, -	a ₁
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd, -	2a ₁
The reverend champion stood. - At his control,	A
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul; -	A
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise, -	B
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise. -	C
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,	
His looks adorned the venerable place; -	A
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway, -	B
And fools, - who came to scoff, - remain'd to pray.	C; c ₁
The service past, around the pious man,	
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran; -	A
Even children follow'd, with endearing wile, -	B
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile; -	C
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd; -	D
Their welfare pleased him, - and their cares distress'd: -	E; F
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given, -	G
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven. -	H
- As some tall cliff - that lifts its awful form, -	a ₁
Swells from the vale, - and midway leaves the storm, -	A; B
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread, -	D
Eternal sunshine settles on its head. -	C

Pause of Feeling.

41. As in the corresponding part of Emphasis, no precise rules can be laid down for the use of the 'Pause of Feeling,' the right application of which must depend on the nature of the subject, and the taste and judgment of the reader. The following Exercise is given rather with the view of showing how the learner under the direction of his teacher may mark such passages for himself than as an absolute standard of correctness. The varieties of type are an attempt to denote to the eye the *degree* of stress to be given to each emphatic word. No exact time can be fixed for the length of the pause, which

ought to be made long or short according to the nature and sentiment of the passage which is being read. The voice should have a tone of continuance throughout, which constitutes the difference between a *pause* and a *break*.

Ex. 25.**HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.**

Marked for the Pause and Emphasis of Feeling.

To BE - or NOT to be - *that* is the question ; -
 Whether 'tis *nobler* in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune -
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles
 And - by opposing - *end* them ? - To DIE ? - To SLEEP -
 No *more* - and by a *sleep* to say we end
 The heartach and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to - 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To DIE - to SLEEP -
 To SLEEP ! - Perchance to - DREAM ! - Ay, *there's* the rub -
 For in THAT sleep of DEATH what *dreams* may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil -
 Must give us *pause*. *THERE's* the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life.
 For who would bear the *whips* and *scorns* of time -
 The oppressor's *wrong* - the proud man's *contumely* -
 The pangs of *despis'd* love - the law's *delay* -
 The *insolence* of office - and the *spurns*
 That patient *merit* of the *unworthy* takes -
 When he *himself* might his *quietus* make
 With a bare *bockin* ? Who would *fardels* bear,
 To *grunt* and *sweat* under a weary life -
 But that the *dread* of SOMETHING *after* death -
 The *undiscovered* country - from whose bourn
 No traveller returns - puzzles the *will* -
 And makes us rather bear those ills we *have*
 Than fly to *others* that we know not of.
 Thus CONSCIENCE does make COWARDS of us all -
 And thus the native hue of *resolution*
 Is sicklied o'er with the *pale cast* of *thought*
 And enterprises of great *pith* and *moment*
 With *this* regard their currents turn away
 And lose the name of ACTION.

Ex. 26.**DEATH OF PAUL DOMBEY.**

Paul closed his eyes with those words and fell asleep. Then he *awoke* - the sun was *high* - and the broad day was *clear* and warm. He lay a little - looking at the *windows* - which were *open* - and the curtains rustling in the air and waving to and fro. Then he said - 'Floy - is it *to-morrow* ? - *is she come* ?'

Some one seemed to go in quest of her. The *next* thing that happened was a noise of *footsteps* on the *stairs* - and *then* - Paul

woke - *WOKE* mind and body - and sat *upright* in his bed. He saw them now about him. There was no grey *mist* before them - as there *had* been sometimes in the *night*. He *knew* them *EVERY-ONE* and called them by their *names*. 'And *who* is *THIS*? Is this my old *nurse*?' - asked the *child* - regarding with a *radiant* smile a figure coming in. *Yes* - *YES*. No *other stranger* would have shed *those* tears at *sight* of him - called him her *DEAR boy* - her *PRETTY* boy - her *own* - *poor* - *BLIGHTED child*. No *other* woman would have stooped down by his *bed* - and taken up his *wasted* hand - and put it to her *lips* and *breast* - as *one* who had some *right* to *fondle* it. No *other* woman would have so forgotten every-body there - but *him* and *Floy* - and been so *full* of *TENDERNESS* and *PITY*.

'Floy! this is a *kind* - *good* face - I *am* glad to see it *again*. *Don't* go away - old nurse - *Stay* here - Good-bye!'

'GOOD-BYE - my *child*' - cried Mrs. Pipchin - hurrying to the bed's head - 'Not good-bye!'

'Ah, yes - good - bye! Where's *papa*?'

He *FELT* his *father's* breath upon his *cheek* before the *words* had parted from his *lips*. The feeble hand - waved - in the *air* - as if it cried - 'good-bye' *again*.

'Now lay me down - and - Floy - come *close* to me - and let me - see you!'

SISTER and *BROTHER* wound their arms around each other - and the *golden light* came *streaming* in - and *fell* upon them - *locked together*.

'How *fast* the river runs - between its green bank and the rushes - Floy! But its *very* near the *sea* - I hear the *WAVES*! They *always* said so!'

Presently he told her that the motion of the *boat* upon the *stream* was lulling him to *REST* - how *green* the *banks* were now - how *bright* the *flowers* growing on them - how *tall* the *rushes*! Now - The *boat* was *out* at *sea* - but gliding smoothly on. And now - there was a *shore* before him.

WHO stood on the *BANK*?

He put his *hands* *TOGETHER* - as he had been *used* to do, at his *PRAYERS*. He did not remove his *arms* to do it - but they *saw* him fold them so - behind his *sister's* *NECK*.

'Mama is like *you* - Floy - I *know* her by the *face*. But - tell them that - the *picture* - on the *stairs* - at *school* - is not *DIVINE* enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go!'

The golden ripple on the wall came *back* *again* - and nothing *ELSE* stirred in the *room*. The *OLD* - *OLD FASHION* - the *fashion* - that came in with our *first* garments - and will last *unchanged* until our *race* has run its course - and the *wide firmament* is rolled up like a *scroll*. The *OLD* - *OLD* - *FASHION* - *DEATH*!

Oh! *THANK* *GOD* - all who *see* it - for that *OLDER fashion* yet of - *IMMORTALITY*. And look upon *us* - *ANGELS* of *young children* - with regards not *quite* estranged - when the *swift river* bears *us* also to the *OCEAN*!

PART II.

EXERCISES IN READING,

ILLUSTRATING THE FOREGOING RULES AND PRINCIPLES.

42. The principal points in connection with *Enunciation* and *Expression*, to which the attention of the learner should be directed, have now been touched upon briefly, but it is hoped with sufficient fullness for all practical purposes, in the foregoing pages. But to secure good reading, which is the foundation of good speaking, some additional practice will be necessary in the reading of more extended passages. The extracts which follow range over almost every variety of style, from simple narrative and description, and lively dialogue and repartee, to the 'lofty line' of Shakspeare and Milton. The marginal references are intended to draw the attention of the pupil to the alternations of thought and feeling in the passages selected, so as to serve as a guide to their proper expression in reading and delivery. The marks for emphasis in the earlier Exercises are designed to indicate the words and phrases on which stress should be laid; the degree of such stress being left, under the guidance of the teacher, to the judgment of the pupil. As he advances these marks are discontinued, as it is considered that he will by that time be able to dispense with such aids. A few practical directions are appended, which it is hoped may not be without use to young readers. The great rule for good reading, however, to which reference has been more than once made—a *thorough mastery of the sense*—must be the constant aim of the learner. When this end has been attained, nature and habit will spontaneously suggest the proper delivery, and then rules or directions for the purpose become unnecessary.

SHORT DIRECTIONS FOR YOUNG READERS.

1. When you read stand in an erect position, with your head well up, your shoulders thrown back to expand the chest, and your face towards the person who hears you.
2. Hold your book about six or eight inches in front of the body, and as high as the centre of the breast, so as not to compel you to stoop or to bend the head in reading.*
3. Breathe as much as possible through the nostrils and not through the mouth; and manage your inspirations so as not to create unnecessary pauses or alterations in the tone of the voice in reading.
4. Read slowly, and with due attention to the stops, emphases, and pauses.
5. Pronounce each word distinctly, and be particular in articulating clearly and audibly the final letters and syllables of words, and the closing words of sentences.
6. Let the tones of your voice in reading be the same as if you were speaking.
7. Before reading any passage aloud, read it over carefully to yourself and study it.
8. '*Above all, understand what you read, and read it as if you understood it.*'

* See Vignette.

EXTRACTS MARKED FOR EMPHASIS AND EXPRESSION.

Didactic.

Ex. 27.

Education.

I CONSIDER a human soul without education, like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance.

Narration

Comparison

If my reader will give me leave to change the allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate the force of education, which Aristotle has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us that a statue lies hid in a block of marble, and that the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone, and the sculptor only finds it. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero—the wise, the good, or the great man—very often lies hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterr'd, and have brought to light. I am therefore much delighted with reading the accounts of savage nations, and with contemplating those virtues which are wild and uncultivated; to see courage exerting itself in fierceness, resolution in obstinacy, wisdom in cunning, patience in sullenness and despair.

Enumeration

It is an unspeakable blessing to be born in those parts of the world where wisdom and knowledge flourish; though it must be confessed there are, even in these parts, several poor uninstructed persons, who are but little above the inhabitants of those nations of which I have been here speaking; as those who have had the advantages of a more liberal education, rise above one another by several different degrees of perfection. For, to return to

Gratitude

Contrast our statue in the block of márble, we see it sometimes only begun to be chipped ; sometimes rough-héwn, and but just sketched into a human figure ; sometimes we see the man appearing distinctly in all his limbs and fèatures ; sometimes we find the figure wrought up to great élegancy ; but seldom meet with any to which the hand of a Phidias or a Praxíteles could not give several nice touches and finishings. *Addison.*

Ex. 28.*The Folly of Pride.*

Arguing

If there bè anything that makes húman nature appéar ridiculous to bèings of supérior faculties, it mùst be pride. They know só well the váníty of thóse imáginary perfections that swèll the héart of mán, and of thóse little supernúmerary advántages of bírth, fórtune, or títle, which óne man enjoys abóve another, that it mùst cértainly véry much astónish, if it dóes not véry much divért them, when they sèe a mórtal puffed úp, and váluing himself abóve his nèighbours, on any of thése accounts, at the sáme time that he is líable to àll the cómmon calamities of the spécies.

Illustration

To sèt thís thought in its trúe light, we shall fáncy, if you pleáse, that yónder móle-hill is inhábited by réasonable creatures ; and that évery pismire (his shápe and wáy of life ónly excepted) is endówed with húman passions. Hòw shóuld we smíle to héar one give an accóunt of the pédigrees, distínctions, and títtles, that réign amóng them ! Obsérve how the whóle swarm divide and make wáy for the pismire that passes alóng ! You must understand he is an émmet of quálity, and has bétter blood in his véins than any pismire in the móle-hill. Dò you not sèe how sénsible he is of it, how slówly he marches fórwárd, how the whóle rabble of ánts kèep their dístance ? Hère you may obsérve óne placed upòn a líttle éminence, and lóoking down on a lóng row of lábourers. He is the richest insect on thís side the híllock : he has a wálk of hálf-a-yard in léngth, and a quártér of an ínch in bréáðth : he kèeps a húndred ménial servants, and has at léast fíftéen bárléy-corns in his gránary. He is nòw chídíng and enslávíng the émmet that stánds

Sarcastic
DescriptionHumorous
Ridicule

before him, one who, for all that we can discover, is as good an emmet as himself.

But here comes an insect of rank ! Do not you Questioning perceive the little white straw that he carries in his mouth ? That straw, you must understand, he would not part with for the longest tract about the mole-hill : you cannot conceive what he has undergone to purchase it ! See how the ants of all Ironical qualities and conditions swarm about him ! Should Admiration this straw drop out of his mouth, you would see all this numerous circle of attendants follow the next that took it up ; and leave the discarded insect, or run over his back, to come to his successor.

If now you have a mind to see the ladies of the Humorous mole-hill, observe first the pismire that listens to Ridicule the emmet on her left hand, at the same time that she seems to turn away her head from him. He tells this poor insect that she is a superior being ; that her eyes are brighter than the sun ; that life and death are at her disposal. She believes him, and gives herself a thousand little airs upon it. Mark the vanity of the pismire on her right hand. She can scarcely crawl with age ; but you must know she values herself upon her birth ; and, if you mind, she spurns at every one that comes within her reach. The little nimble coquette that is running by the side of her, is a wit. She has broken many a pismire's heart. Do but observe what a drove of admirers are running after her.

We shall here finish this imaginary scene. But Serio-Comic first of all, to draw the parallel closer, we shall Description suppose if you please, that death comes down upon the mole-hill, in the shape of a cock-sparrow ; and picks up, without distinction, the pismire of quality and his flatterers, the pismire of substance and his day-labourers, the white straw-officer and his sycophants, with all the ladies of rank, the wits, and the beauties of the mole-hill.

May we not imagine, that beings of superior Moralising nature and perfections, regard all the instances of pride and vanity among our own species, in the same kind of view, when they take a survey of those who inhabit this earth ; or (in the language of an ingenious French poet,) of those pismires that people this heap of dirt, which human vanity has divided into climates and regions ? *Guardian*.

Narrative.

EX. 29. *The Butterfly and the Snail.*

Asserting	All úpstarts, insolent in pláce, Remínd us of their vúlgar ràce.
Description	As, in the sùnshine of the mórn, A bútterfly, but nówly bórñ, Sat próudly, pèrking on a ròse, With pèrt conceít his bòsom glóws ; His wings, all glòrious to behóld, Bedròpt with ázure, jét, and gold, Wíde he díspláys ; the spángled dew Refleçts his éyes and várioüs hue. His nòw-forgóttén fríend, a snáil, Beneàth his hóuse, with slímy tràil, Cràwls o'er the gráss ; whòm when he spies In wráth hè to the gárd'ner cries :
Indignant Questioning	' What mèans yon peásant's dáiely toil, From chóking weeds to ríd the sóil ? Why wáke you to the mórning's càre ? Why with nów arts corrèct the yéar ? Why glóws the peach with crimson hue ? And whý the plúm's invítíng blúe ? Were thèy to feást his tàste désígn'd, That vèrmin of vorácíous kínd ?
Contempt	Crúsh thèn the slów, the píff'ring ràce So púrge the gàrden from dísgràce.'
Indignant Remon- strance	' What arrógance ! ' the snáil replíed ; ' How ínsolent is úpstart prídè ! Hadst thòu not thús, with ínsult váín, Provòk'd my pátiénce to compláin, I had conceál'd thý méaner bírth, Nor tráced thee to the scúm of éarth. For scárce níne sùns have wák'd the hóurs, To swèll the frúit and páint the flów'rs, Sínce I thý húblér lífe survéy'd, In bàse and sòrdíd guíse arráy'd :
Disdain with Lóuthíng	A hídeous ínsect, víle, uncléan, You drágg'd a slów and nóísóme tráin ; And from your spídér-bowels dréw Fóul fílm, and spún the dírtý clúe. I ówn my húblér lífe, gòod fríend ; Snáil was I bórñ, and snáil sháll énd.

And wàt's a bütterfly ? At best
 He's büt a cäterpillar dréet ;
 And áll thy ràce (a núm'rous sèed)
 Shall pròve of cäterpillar brèed.'

Retort

Gay.

EX. 30.

Noble Revenge.

A YOUNG ófficer (in what ármý no m àtter) had sò far forgotten himself, in a moment of irritátion, as to strike a private sòldier, full of personal dignity (as sometimes happens in àll ranks), and distinguished for his cóurage. The inexorable laws of military díscipline forbade to the injured sòldier any practical redress. He could look for no retaliátion by ácts. Words only were at his command ; and, in a tumult of indignátion, as he turned away, the soldier said to his ófficer that he would 'make him repént it.' This, wearing the shape of a ménace, naturally rekindled the officer's ánger, and intercepted any disposition which might be rising withín him towards a sentiment of remorse ; and thus the irritátion between the two young mén grew hótter than before.

Narrative

Menace

Some wéeks after this a partial áction took place with the ènemy. Suppóse yourself a spectàtor, and looking down into a v àlley occupied by two àrmies. They are fácing each other, you see, in martial arrày. But it is no móre than a skirmish which is going on ; in the cóurse of which, however, an occasion suddenly arises for a desperate sèrvice. A redoubt, which has fallen into the enemy's hánds, must be recaptured at àny price, and under circumstances of áll but hopeless difficulty. A strong pártý has volunteered for the sèrvice ; there is a crý for somebody to head them ; you see a soldier step out from the ráncs to assume this dangerous leàdership ; the pártý moves rapidly fòrward ; in a few mínutes it is swallowed up from your eyes in clouds of smòke ; for óne hálf-hour from behind these clouds you receive hieroglyphic reports of bloody strife—fierce repeating signals, flashes from the gùns, rolling mùsketry, and exulting hurráhs, advàncing or recéding, sláckening or redóubbling.

Animated
Description

At length all is over ; the redoubt has been recovered ; that which was lost is found again ; the jewel which had been made captive is ransomed with blood. Crimsoned with glorious gore, the wreck of the conquering party is relieved, and at liberty to return. From the river you see it ascending. The plume-crested officer in command rushes forward, with his left hand raising his hat in homage to the blackened fragments of what once was a flag ; whilst with his right hand he seizes that of the leader, though no more than a private from the ranks. *That* perplexes you not : mystery you see none in *that*. For distinctions of order perish, ranks are confounded, 'high and low' are words without a meaning, and to wreck goes every notion or feeling that divides the noble from the noble, or the brave man from the brave. But wherefore is it that now, when suddenly they wheel into mutual recognition, suddenly they pause ? This soldier, this officer—who are they ? O reader ! once before they had stood face to face—the soldier it is that was struck ; the officer it is that struck him. Once again they are meeting ; and the gaze of armies is upon them. If for a moment a doubt divides them, in a moment the doubt has perished. One glance exchanged between them publishes the forgiveness that is sealed for ever. As one who recovers a brother whom he had accounted dead, the officer sprang forward, threw his arms around the neck of the soldier and kissed him, as if he were some martyr glorified by that shadow of death from which he was returning ; whilst on *his* part, the soldier, stepping back, and carrying his open hand through the beautiful motions of the military salute to a superior, makes this immortal answer—that answer which shut up for ever the memory of the indignity offered to him, even whilst for the last time alluding to it :—'Sir,' he said, 'I told you before that I would make you repent it.'

Eager Joy

Pause of
Deep FeelingOverpower-
ing ImpulseFriendly
Retort*De Quincey.*

Ex. 31.

Excelsior.

1. Plain description. 2. Sadness. 3. Animated. 4. Inspiring. 5. Description, lively, then 6. Disheartening. 7. Warning. 8. Affectionate entreaty. 9. Impressive advice. 10. Hopeful. 11. Descriptive. 12. Affecting narrative.*

¹THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,—
Excelsior !

²His brow was sad ; ³his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
⁴And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,—
Excelsior !

⁵In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright ;
⁶Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,—
Excelsior !

⁷'Try not the Pass !' the old man said ;
'Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide !'
And loud that clarion voice replied,—
Excelsior !

⁸'O stay' the maiden said, 'and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast !'
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,—
Excelsior !

⁹'Beware the pine-tree's withered branch !
Beware the awful avalanche !'
This was the peasant's last Good-night ;
¹⁰A voice replied, far up the height,—
Excelsior !

* These annotations should be pencilled at the proper places on the margin by the pupil, who should be encouraged to add others of his own—the number and appositeness of these being taken as the measure of his understanding of the passage.

¹¹At break of day, as heavenward,
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,—
Excelsior!

¹²A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping, in his hand of ice,
That banner with the strange device,—
Excelsior!

There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,—
Excelsior!

Longfellow.

Descriptive.

Ex. 32. *Progress of a Glacier compared to the Course of Human Life.*

1. Comparison. 2. Narration. 3. Enumeration. 4. Impressive description. 5. Elevated sentiment.

¹POETS and Philosophers have delighted to compare the course of human life to that of a river; perhaps a still apter simile might be found in the history of a glacier.

²Heaven-descended in its origin, it yet takes its mould and conformation from the hidden womb of the mountains which brought it forth. At first, soft and ductile, it acquires a character and firmness of its own, as an inevitable destiny urges it in its onward career. Jostled and constrained by the crosses and inequalities of its prescribed path, hedged in by impassable barriers which fix limits to its movements, it yields groaning to its fate, and still travels forward seamed with the scars of many a conflict with opposing obstacles.

All this while, although wasting, it is renewed by an unseen power—it evaporates, but is not consumed. ³On its surface it bears the spoils which, during the progress of its existence, it has made its own; often weighty burdens devoid of beauty or value,—at times precious masses, sparkling with gems or with ore.

⁴Having at length attained its greatest width and extension, commanding admiration by its beauty and power, waste

predominates over supply ; the vital springs begin to fail ; it stoops into an attitude of decrepitude ;—it drops the burdens, one by one, which it had borne so proudly aloft ; its dissolution is inevitable. ⁵But as it is resolved into its elements, it takes all at once, a new, and livelier, and disembarrassed form :—from the wreck of its members it arises, ‘another, yet the same,’—a noble, full-bodied, arrowy stream, which leaps rejoicing over the obstacles which before had staid its progress, and hastens through fertile valleys towards a freer existence, and a final union in the ocean with the Boundless and the Infinite.

Forbes.

EX. 33.

The Postman.

- | | | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------|------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Expectation. | 2. Description. | 3. Indifference. | 4. Enumeration. |
| 5. Sportive raillery. | 6. Impatience. | 7. Questioning. | 8. Cheerful anticipation of repose. |

¹Hark ! 'tis the twanging horn ! O'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright,
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,

²With spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen locks,
News from all nations lumbering at his back.
True to his charge the close-packed load behind,

³Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn,
And having dropped the expected bag—pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful : messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some,
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.

⁴Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet

⁵With tears that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.

⁶But oh the important budget ! ushered in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say

⁷What are its tidings ? have our troops awaked ?
Or do they still, as if with opium drugged,
Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave ?
Is India free ? and does she wear her plumed

And jewelled turban with a smile of peace,
 Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,
 The popular harangue, the tart reply,
 The logic and the wisdom, and the wit,
 And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;
 I burn to set the imprisoned wranglers free,
 And give them voice and utterance once again.
 "Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
 Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
 And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
 Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
 That cheer but not inebriate wait on each,
 So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

Cowper.

Ex. 34.

George III. and his Family.

1. Narration. 2. Touching incident. 3. Endearing fondness. 4. Pathetic description of madness. 5. Resignation. 6. Sorrowful appeal.

¹Of all the figures in that large family group which surrounds George and his queen, the prettiest, I think, is the father's darling, the Princess Amelia, pathetic for her beauty, her sweetness, her early death, and for the extreme passionate tenderness with which her father loved her. This was his favourite amongst all the children: of his sons, he loved the Duke of York best. ²Burney tells a sad story of the poor old man at Weymouth, and how eager he was to have this darling son with him. The King's house was not big enough to hold the Prince; and his father had a portable house erected close to his own, and at huge pains, so that his dear Frederick should be near him. He clung on his arm all the time of his visit; talked to no one else; had talked of no one else for some time before. The Prince, so long expected, stayed but a single night. He had business in London the next day, he said. The dulness of the old King's court stupefied York and the other big sons of George III. They scared equerries and ladies, frightened the modest little circle with their coarse spirits and loud talk. Of little comfort, indeed, were the King's sons to the King.

³But the pretty Amelia was his darling; and the little maiden, prattling and smiling in the fond arms of that old father, is a sweet image to look on.

The Princess wrote verses herself, and there are some pretty plaintive lines attributed to her, which are more touching than better poetry:—

'Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,
I laughed, and danced, and talked, and sung :
And, proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dreamed not of sorrow, care, or pain :
Concluding, in those hours of glee,
That all the world was made for me.

'But when the hour of trial came,
When sickness shook this trembling frame,
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
And I could sing and dance no more,
It then occurred, how sad 'twould be
Were this world only made for me.'

The poor soul quitted it—and ere yet she was dead the agonized father was in such a state, that the officers round about him were obliged to set watchers over him, and from November, 1810, George III. ceased to reign. 'All the world knows the story of his malady ; all history presents no sadder figure than that of the old man, blind and deprived of reason, wandering through the rooms of his palace, addressing imaginary parliaments, reviewing fancied troops, holding ghostly courts. I have seen his picture as it was taken at this time, hanging in the apartment of his daughter, the Landgravine of Hesse Hombourg—amidst books and Windsor furniture, and a hundred fond reminiscences of her English home. The poor old father is represented in a purple gown, his snowy beard falling over his breast—the star of his famous Order still idly shining on it. He was not only sightless : he became utterly deaf. All light, all reason, all sound of human voices, all the pleasures of this world of God, were taken from him. Some slight lucid moments he had ; in one of which, the Queen, desiring to see him, entered the room, and found him singing a hymn, and accompanying himself at the harpsichord. 'When he had finished, he knelt down and prayed aloud for her, and then for his family, and then for the nation, concluding with a prayer for himself, that it might please God to avert his heavy calamity from him, but if not, to give him resignation to submit. He then burst into tears, and his reason again fled.

What preacher need moralise on this story ; what words save the simplest are requisite to tell it ? It is too terrible for tears. The thought of such a misery smites me down in submission before the Ruler of kings and men, the Monarch Supreme over empires and republics, the inscrutable Dispenser of life, death, happiness, victory. 'O brothers,' I said to those who heard me first in America—'O brothers ! speaking the same dear mother tongue—O comrades ! enemies

no more, let us take a mournful hand together as we stand by this royal corpse, and call a truce to battle! Low he lies to whom the proudest used to kneel once, and who was cast lower than the poorest: dead, whom millions prayed for in vain. Driven off his throne; buffeted by rude hands; with his children in revolt; the darling of his old age killed before him untimely; our Lear hangs over her breathless lips and cries, "Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little!"

'Vex not his ghost—oh! let him pass—he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer!'

Hush! Strife and Quarrel, over the solemn grave! Sound, Trumpets, a mournful march. Fall, dark curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy!

Thackeray.

EX. 35.

The Battle of the League.

1. Description. 2. Tenderly. 3. Lofty anger. 4. Courteousness. 5. Acclamation. 6. Encouragement. 7. Excited expectation. 8. Instigation. 9. Animated description. 10. Exultation, with thankfulness. 11. Sarcastic address. 12. Reverently.

¹THE King is come to marshal us, all in his armour drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant
crest:

²He look'd upon his people, and a tear was in his eye:

³He look'd upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and
high.

⁴Right graciously he smiled on us, as roll'd from wing to
wing,

Down all our line a deafening shout: ⁵'God save our Lord
the King!'

⁶'And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where you see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks
of war,

And be your Oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre.'

Hurrah! the foes are moving! ⁷Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring cul-
verin!

The fiery Duke is pricking fast across St. André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.

⁸Now by the lips of those we love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the Golden Lilies,—upon them with the lance!

⁹A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
 A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
 And in they burst, and on they rush'd, while, like a guiding star,
 Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

¹⁰Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein.

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish Count is slain.

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale,

The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
 'Remember St. Bartholomew!' was pass'd from man to man:
 But out spake gentle Henry, 'No Frenchman is my foe;
 Down, down with every foreigner! but let your brethren go.'

Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
 As our sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

¹¹Ho! maidens of Vienna; ho! matrons of Lucerne;
 Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.

Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
 That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spear-men's souls.

Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright;

Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night,

¹²For our God hath crush'd the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,

And mock'd the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the brave.

Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;
 And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre!

Macaulay.

EX. 36. *The Destruction of Sennacherib.*

1. Lofly description. 2. Comparison. 3. Solemnity and awe.

¹THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

²Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

³For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!
And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.
And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.
And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

Byron.

Humorous and Satirical.

EX. 37. *Satirical Description of Character.*

1. Ironical praise. 2. Asserting. 3. Antithesis. 4. Satirical description.
-
5. Contempt. 6. Admiration. 7. Deprecation. 8. Aversion. 9. Civility.
-
10. Avarice struggling with death. 11. Dignified close of life.

¹'Tis from high life high characters are drawn:

A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn.

A judge is just; a chanc'lor—juster still;

A gownman learn'd; a bishop—what you will;

Wise, if a minister; but if a king,

More wise, more just, more learn'd, more ev'rything.

²'Tis education forms the common mind;

Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.

Boastful and rough, your first son is a squire ;
 The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar ;
 Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave ;
 Will sneaks a scriv'ner, an exceeding knave.
 Is he a churchman ? Then he's fond of pow'r ;

³A quaker ? Sly. A Presbyterian ? Sour.

A smart free-thinker ? All things in an hour.

'Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,

Tenets with books, and principles with times.

Search then the ruling passion. There alone

The wild are constant, and the cunning known.

This clue once found unravels all the rest ;

The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest ;

⁵Wharton ! the scorn and wonder of our days,

Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise.

Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,

Women and fools must like him, or he dies.

⁶Tho' wond'ring senates hung on all he spoke,

The club must hail him master of the joke.

Shall parts so various aim at nothing new ?

He'll shine a Tully, and a Wilmot too.

A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate.

The doctor call'd, declares all help too late.

⁷'Mercy' (cries Helluo) 'mercy on my soul !

Is there no hope ?—Alas !—then bring the jowl.'

⁸'Odious ! In woollen ! 'Twould a saint provoke'

(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke).

'No—let a charming chintz, and Brussels lace,

Wrap these cold limbs, and shade this lifeless face.

One need not, sure, be ugly, though one's dead ;

And—Betty—give this cheek—a little—red.'

⁹The courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd

An humble servant to all human kind,

Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir,

'If—where I'm going—I could—serve you, Sir.'

¹⁰'I give and I devise' (old Euclio said,

And sigh'd) 'my lands and tenements to Ned.'

'Your money, Sir?'—'My money, Sir !—What—all ?

Why—if I must—(then wept)—I give it Paul.'

'The manor, Sir?'—'The manor—Hold !' (he cry'd)

'I cannot—must not part with that'—and di'd.

¹¹And you, brave Cobham ! at your latest breath,

Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death.

Such in that moment, as in all the past,

'O save my country, Heav'n !'— shall be your last.

Pope.

Ex. 38.

Yorkshire Angling.

1. Lively narrative. 2. Questioning and reply. 3. Affected ignorance.
4. Humorous description. 5. Retort.

¹ It happened once, that a young Yorkshire clown,
But newly come to far-famed London town,
Was gaping round at many a wondrous sight,
Grinning at all he saw with vast delight,
Attended by his terrier, Tyke,
Who was as sharp, as sharp may be;
And thus the master and the dog, d'ye see,
Were very much alike.

After wand'ring far and wide,
And seeing all the streets and squares,
And Temple Bar, and Cross's bears,
The Mansion-house, the Regent's Park,
And all in which your cocknies place their pride;
After being quizz'd by many a city spark,
For coat of country cut, and red-hair'd pate,
He came at length to noisy Billingsgate;
He saw the busy scene with mute surprise,
Opening his ears and eyes
At the loud clamour, and the monstrous fish,
Hereafter doom'd to grace full many a dish.

Close by him was a turbot on a stall,
Who, with stretch'd mouth, as if to pant for breath,
Seem'd in the agonies of death:

² Said Andrew, 'Pray what name d'ye that fish call?'

'A turbot 'tis,' said the sarcastic elf;

'A *flat* you see—so something like yourself.'

'D'ye think,' said Andrew, 'that he'll bite?'

'Why,' said the fellow, with a roguish grin,

'His mouth is open, put your finger in,

And then you'll know.' 'Why,' replied the wight,

³ 'I should not like to try, but there's my Tyke

Shall put his tail there, an' ye like.'

'Agreed,' rejoined the man, and laugh'd delight.

⁴ Within the turbot's teeth was plac'd the tail,

Who bit it too with all his might;

The dog no sooner felt the bite,

Than off he ran, the fish still holding tight;

And though old Ling began to swear and rail,

After a number of escapes and dodgings,

Tyke safely got to Master Andrew's lodgings;

Who, when the fisherman in a passion flew,
 Said, 'Master, Lunnun tricks on me won't do,
 I'ze come from York, to queer such *flats* as you ;
 And Tyke, my dog, is Yorkshire too !'
 Then laughing at the man, he went away,
 And had the fish for dinner that same day.

Anon.

Vehement and Impassioned.

Ex. 39.

Satan and Death.

1. Angry questioning. 2. Resolution. 3. Threatening. 4. Disdainful defiance. 5. Lofty command and threatening.

'Whence, and what art thou, execrable shape !
 That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
 Thy miscreated front athwart my way
 To yonder gates ? 'Through them I mean to pass,
 That be assur'd, without leave ask'd of thee. |
 'Retire ; or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
 Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of Heav'n.'
 'To whom the goblin, full of wrath, replied.
 'Art thou that traitor Angel, art thou He,
 Who first broke peace in Heav'n, and faith, till then
 Unbroken, and in proud, rebellious arms
 Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's sons,
 Conjur'd against the Highest, for which both thou
 And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd
 To waste eternal days in woe and pain ?
 And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of Heav'n,
 Hell-doom'd and breath'st defiance here, and scorn,
 Where I reign king, and to enrage thee more,
 Thy king and lord ? 'Back to thy punishment,
 False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
 Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
 Thy ling'ring, or with one stroke of this dart
 Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.'

Milton.

Ex. 40.

The African Slave Trade.

1. Indignant statement. 2. Abhorrence. 3. Protest. 4. Denunciation. 5. Indignation rising into vehemence.

It is now three years since the abominable traffic has ceased
 to be sanctioned by the law of the land ; and, I thank God,

I may therefore now indulge in expressing feelings towards it, which delicacy, rather to the law than the traffic, might, before that period, have rendered it proper to suppress. After a long and most unaccountable silence of the law on this head, which seemed to protect, by permitting, or at least by not prohibiting the traffic, it has now spoken out ; and the veil which it appeared to interpose being now withdrawn, it is fit to let our indignation fall on those who still dare to trade in human flesh, not merely for the frauds of common smugglers, but for engaging in crimes of the deepest die ;—²in crimes always most iniquitous, even when not illegal ; but which are now as contrary to law as they have ever been to honesty and justice. ³I must protest loudly against the abuse of language, which allows such men to call themselves traders or merchants. ⁴It is not commerce, but crime, that they are driving. I too well know, and too highly respect that most honourable and useful pursuit, that commerce, whose province it is to humanise and pacify the world. So alien in its nature to violence and fraud,—so formed to flourish in peace and in honesty,—so inseparably connected with freedom, and goodwill, and fair dealing, I deem too high of it to endure that its name should, by a strange perversion, be prostituted to the use of men who live by treachery, rapine, torture, and murder ! I spoke literally and advisedly ; I meant to use no figurative phrase ; and I know I was guilty of no exaggeration : I was speaking of the worst form of that crime. For ordinary murders there may even be some excuse. Revenge may have arisen from the excess of feelings honourable in themselves. A murder of hatred or cruelty, or mere blood-thirstiness, can only be imputed to a deprivation of reason ; ⁵but here we have to do with cool, deliberate, mercenary murder ! nay, worse than this ; for the ruffians who go on the highway, or the pirates who infest the seas, at least expose their persons, and, by their courage, throw a kind of false glare over their crimes. But these wretches durst not do this ; they employ others, as base as themselves, only that they are less cowardly : they set on men to rob and kill, in whose spoils they are willing to share, though not in their dangers. Traders, or merchants, do they presume to call themselves ? and in cities like London and Liverpool, the very creations of honest trade ? I, at length, will give them the right name, and call them cowardly suborners of piracy and mercenary murder !

Brougham.

Solemn and Pathetic.

EX. 41

Night Thoughts.

1. Earnest and Impressive. 2. Solemnity with awe. 3. Alarm. 4. Awe.
5. Questioning with wonder. 6. Exclamatory. 7. Terror. 8. Astonish-
ment. 9. Dread giving place to confidence.

¹The bell strikes one. We take no note of time,
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. ²As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours:
Where are they? with the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands despatch:
How much is to be done! ³My hopes and fears
Rise up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? a fathomless abyss,
⁴A dread eternity,—how surely mine!
⁵And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?
How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
⁶How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes,
From different natures marvellously mix'd.
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain.
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorb'd!
Though sullied and dishonour'd, still divine.
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god! ⁷I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost. At home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down surpris'd, aghast,
And wondering at her own:—how reason reels!
⁸O what a miracle to man is man!
Triumphantly distress'd, what joy, what dread!
Alternately transported and alarm'd.
What can preserve my life, or what destroy?
⁹An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Millions of angels can't confine me there.

Young.

Ex. 42.

The Grave.

1. Feelingly. 2. Questioning. 3. Touching pathos. 4. Tender reflection. 5. Solemn entreaty. 6. Warning.

¹THE sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. ²Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved; when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal; would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness, who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety; or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom; yet, who would exchange it, even for a song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. ³Oh, the grave!—the grave!—it buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him!

⁴But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us, almost unheeded in the daily course of intimacy—there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene. The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs—its noiseless attendance—

its mute, watchful assiduities. The last testimonies of expiring love! The feeble, fluttering, thrilling—oh! how thrilling!—pressure of the hand. The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us, even from the threshold of existence! The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

⁵Ay! go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! there settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited—every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never—never—never return to be soothed by thy contrition!

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silver brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet;—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear; more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender yet futile tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this, thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

Washington Irving.

EX. 43.

The Christian Pauper's Death-Bed.

1. Solemnity with awe. 2. Pathetic description. 3. Burst of solemn exultation.

¹Tread softly, bow the head,
In rev'rent silence bow,
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger, however great,
 With holy reverence bow ;
 There's one in that poor shed,
 One by that paltry bed,
 Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
 Lo ! Death doth keep his state ;
 Enter—no crowds attend ;
 Enter—no guards defend
 This palace gate.

²That pavement, damp and cold,
 No smiling courtiers tread
 One silent woman stands,
 Lifting with meagre hands
 A dying head.

²No mingling voices sound—
 An infant wail alone ;
 A sob suppressed—again
 That short, deep gasp, and then—
 The parting groan.

³Oh, change !—oh, wondrous change !
 Burst are the prison bars ;
 This moment, there, so low,
 So agonised—and now
 Beyond the stars !

Oh, change !—stupendous change !
 There lies the soulless clod ;
 The sun eternal breaks—
 The new immortal wakes—
 Wakes with his God !

Caroline Southey.

Dramatic.

EX. 44.

Scene from Hamlet.

1. Salutation. 2. Recognition. 3. Inquiry. 4. Dissenting. 5. En-
 treaty. 6. Acquiescing. 7. Sarcastic explanation. 8. Abstraction sud-
 denly awakened to 9. Surprise and 10. Eager astonishment. 11. Narra-
 tive. 12. Perplexity. 13. Anxiety rising gradually to 14. Fixed reso-
 lution. 15. Amusement alternating with 16. Suspicion and foreboding.

Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO.

HOR. 'Hail to your Lordship !

- HAM. ²I am glad to see you well.
 Horatio—or I do forget myself?
- HOR. The same, my Lord, and your poor servant ever.
- HAM. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you:
³But what make you from Wittenburgh—Horatio?
- HOR. A truant disposition; good my Lord.
- HAM. ⁴I would not hear your enemy say so:
 Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
 To make it truster of your own report
 Against yourself:—I know you are no truant—
 But what is your affair at Elsinore?
 We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.
- HOR. My Lord, I came to see your father's funeral.
- HAM. ⁵I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student,
 I think it was to see my mother's wedding.
- HOR. ⁶Indeed, my Lord, it followed hard upon't.
- HAM. ⁷Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats
 Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
 Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
 Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio.
 ⁸My father! methinks I see my father!
- HOR. O! where, my Lord!
- HAM. In my mind's eye, Horatio!
- HOR. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.
- HAM. He was a man, take him for all in all,
 I shall not look upon his like again!
- HOR. My Lord—I think I saw him yesternight.
- HAM. ⁹Saw! who?
- HOR. My Lord, the king, your father.
- HAM. ¹⁰The king, my father!
- HOR. ¹¹Season your admiration for a while
 With an attent ear; 'till I may deliver
 Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
 This marvel to you.
- HAM. For heaven's love, let me hear.
- HOR. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
 Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
 In the dead waste and middle of the night
 Been thus encountered:—a figure like your father
 Arm'd at all points, exactly cap-a-pie,
 Appears before them, and with solemn march
 Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walked
 By their opprest and fear-surprised eyes,
 Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distilled
 Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
 Stood dumb and spoke not to him.

- This to me
 In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
 And I, with them, the third night kept the watch,
 Where, as they had delivered, both in time,
 Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
 The apparition comes !
- HAM. But where was this ?
- MAR. My Lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.
- HAM. Did you not speak to it ?
- MAR. My Lord, I did,
 But answer made it none : yet once methought,
 It lifted up its head, and did address
 Itself to motion, like as it would speak :
 But even then, the morning cock crew loud ;
 And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
 And vanished from our sight.
- HAM.¹² 'Tis very strange !
- HOR. As I do live, my honour'd Lord, 'tis true,
 And we did think it writ down in our duty
 To let you know of it.
- HAM. Indeed, indeed, Sirs, but this troubles me.
 Hold you the watch to-night ?
- HOR. We do, my Lord.
- HAM. Arm'd, say you ?
- HOR. Arm'd, my Lord.
- HAM. From top to toe ?
- HOR. My Lord, from head to foot.
- HAM.¹³ Then saw you not his face ?
- HOR. O yes, my Lord, he wore his beaver up.
- HAM. What, looked he frowningly ?
- HOR. A countenance more
 In sorrow than in anger.
- HAM. Pale or red ?
- HOR. Nay, very pale.
- HAM. And fixed his eyes on you ?
- HOR. Most constantly.
- HAM. I would I had been there.
- HOR. It would have much amaz'd you.
- HAM. Very like—very like.
 Stay'd it long ?
- HOR. While one with moderate haste
 Might tell a hundred.
- HAM. His beard was grizzled ? no ?
- HOR. It was as I have seen it in his life,
 A sable silver'd.
- HAM. I will watch to-night ;
 Perchance 'twill walk again.

HOR. I warrant 'twill.

HAM. ¹⁴If it assume my noble father's person—
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd the sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still :
And whatsoever else may hap to-night,
Give it an understanding but no tongue :
I will requite your loves. So, fare-you-well.
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

HOR. Our duty to your honour !

HAM. Your love's, as mine to you. Farewell !
My father's spirit—and in arms ! all is not well ;
I doubt some foul play : would the night were come !
Till then, sit still my soul.—Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.
Shakspeare.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS FOR PRACTICE.

To be annotated by the pupil.

Ex. 45.

England.

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle ;
This earth of majesty ; this seat of Mars ;
This other Eden, demi-Paradise ;
This fortress, built by nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war.
This happy breed of men, this little world ;
This precious gem set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happy lands.
For England never did, and never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror !
Now that her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue
If England to herself will rest but true.

Shakspeare.

EX. 46.*The Power of England.*

Great Britain is a power to which, for the purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared ; a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.

Daniel Webster.

EX. 47.*The Glory of Britain.*

Happy Britannia ! where the Queen of Arts,
Inspiring vigour, Liberty abroad
Walks, unconfined, even to thy furthest cots,
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime ;
Thy streams unfailing in the summer's drought ;
Unmatched thy guardian oaks ; thy valleys float
With golden waves ; and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat numberless ; while, roving round their sides,
Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.
Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unequalled
Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth ;
And property assures it to the swain,
Pleased and unwearied in his guarded toil.

Full are thy cities with the sons of art ;
And trade and joy, in every busy street,
Mingling are heard : even Drudgery himself,
As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
The palace stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
His last adieu, and, loosening every sheet,
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.

Bold, firm, and graceful are thy generous youth,
By hardships sinewed, and by danger fired,
Scattering the nations where they go ; and first
Or on the listed plain, or stormy seas.
Mild are thy glories, too, as o'er the plans

Of thriving peace thy thoughtful sires preside ;
In genius and substantial learning high ;
For every virtue, every worth, renowned ;
Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind ;
Yet, like the mustering thunder, when provoked,
The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
Of those that under grim oppression groan.

Thy Sons of Glory many ! Alfred thine,
In whom the splendour of heroic war,
And more heroic peace, when governed well,
Combine ; whose hallowed name the Virtues saint,
And his own Muses love ; the best of kings !
With him thy Edwards and thy Henrys shine,—
Names dear to Fame ; the first who deep impressed
On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms,
That awes her genius still. In Statesmen thou,
And Patriots, fertile. Thine a steady More,
Who, with a generous though mistaken zeal,
Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage ;
Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,
Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,—
A dauntless soul erect, who smiled on death.

Frugal and wise, a Walsingham is thine ;
A Drake, who made thee mistress of the deep,
And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
Then flamed thy spirit high ; but who can speak
The numerous worthies of the Maiden Reign ?
In Raleigh mark their ev'ry glory mixed ;
Raleigh, the scourge of Spain ! whose breast with all
The sage, the patriot, and the hero burned ;
Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward-reign
The warrior fettered, and at last resigned,
To glut the vengeance of a vanquished foe.
Then, active still and unrestrained, his mind
Explored the vast extent of ages past,
And with his prison-hours enriched the world ;
Yet found no times, in all the long research,
So glorious, or so base, as those he proved,
In which he conquered, and in which he bled.

Nor can the Muse the gallant Sidney pass,
The plume of war ! with early laurels crowned,
The lover's myrtle and the poet's bay.
A Hampden too is thine, illustrious land !
Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul.
Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew
The grave where Russell lies ; whose tempered blood,

With calmest cheerfulness for thee resigned,
 Stained the sad annals of a giddy reign,
 Aiming at lawless power, though meanly sunk
 In loose, inglorious luxury. With him
 His friend, the British Cassius,* fearless bled ;
 Of high determined spirit, roughly brave,
 By ancient learning to the enlightened love
 Of ancient freedom warmed. Fair thy renown
 In awful Sages and in noble Bards ;
 Soon as the light of dawning Science spread
 Her orient ray, and waked the Muses' song.

Thine is a Bacon : him for studious shade
 Kind Nature formed, deep, comprehensive, clear,
 Exact, and elegant,—in one rich soul,
 Plato, the Stagyrte, and Tully joined.
 The great deliverer he ! who, from the gloom
 Of cloistered monks and jargon-teaching schools,
 Led forth the true Philosophy, there long
 Held in the magic chain of words and forms,
 And definitions void : he led her forth,
 Daughter of Heaven ! that slow-ascending still,
 Investigating sure the chain of things,
 With radiant finger points to Heaven again.

Why need I name thy Boyle, whose pious search,
 Amid the dark recesses of His works,
 The great Creator sought ? And why thy Locke,
 Who made the whole internal world his own ?
 Let Newton, pure intelligence ! whom God
 To mortals lent to trace His boundless works
 From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
 In all philosophy. For lofty sense,
 Creative fancy, and inspection keen
 Through the deep windings of the human heart,
 Is not wild Shakspeare thine and Nature's boast ?
 Is not each great, each amiable Muse
 Of classic ages, in thy Milton met ?—
 A genius universal as his theme—
 Astonishing as chaos—as the bloom
 Of blowing Eden fair—as heaven sublime.

Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
 The gentle Spenser, Fancy's pleasing son ;
 Who, like a copious river, poured his song
 O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground :
 Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage,

* Algernon Sidney.

Chaucer, whose native manners-painting verse
Well moralised, shines through the Gothic cloud
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

Thomson.

Ex. 48.

Rivers of England.

Rivers, arise : whether thou be the son
Of utmost Tweed, or Ouze, or gulphy Don,
Or Trent, who like some earth-born giant spreads
His thirsty arms along the indented meads,
Or sullen Mole, that runneth underneath,
Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death,
Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lee,
Or coaly Tyne, or ancient hallowed Dee,
Or Humber loud, that keeps the Scythian's name,
Or Medway smooth, or royal-tower'd Thame.

Milton.

Ex. 49.

The River Amazon.

This noble stream, which exceeds in magnitude the largest rivers in the Old World, takes its rise from two sources, the one of which is found in the glaciers of Lauricocha (one of the loftiest of the Cordillera range), the second in the summit of Mount Caillonia, in the same lofty chain. Swelled by the tributary streams of the Yupurce and the Rio Negro on the left bank, and by the Yavare, the Yutay, and the Yurna, the Mugua, the Rio de los Capanachuas, and the Pachera, on the right, it flows for a long period through mountain gorges of prodigious depth and surpassing beauty. After emerging from the Andes, it winds in a lazy current through the immense savannahs of South America, and does not reach the ocean till it has run a course of 315 leagues after its junction with the Rio Negro.

From its source to the sea is 1,035 leagues, or 2,700 miles. Its breadth, after it emerges into a plain, is generally from two to three miles, and its depth is seldom less than eighty fathoms. After its junction with the Xuaga, however, its expanse becomes so great that in mid-channel the opposite coasts can hardly be seen, and it flows in a vast estuary, so level that the traces of the tide are seen at the distance of 250 leagues from the sea coast. A vehement struggle ensues

at its mouth between the river flowing down and the tide running up; twice every day they dispute the pre-eminence, and animals equally with men withdraw from the terrible conflict. In the shock of the enormous masses of water, a ridge of surf and foam is raised to the height of 180 feet; the islands in the neighbourhood are shaken by the strife; the fishers, the boatmen, and the alligators withdraw trembling from the shock. At spring-tides, such is the vehemence of this collision, that the opposite waves precipitate themselves on each other like hostile armies; the shores are covered to a great distance on either side with volumes of foam; huge rocks, whirled about like barks, are borne aloft on the surface; and the awful roar, re-echoed from island to island, gives the first warning to the far-distant mariner that he is approaching the shores of South America.

Alison.

EX. 50. *The Famous Rivers of the World.*

And afterwards the famous rivers came,
Which doe the earth enrich and beautifie;
The fertile Nile, which creatures new doth frame;
Long Rhodanus, whose source springs from the skie;
Fair Ister, flowing from the mountains hie;
Divine Scamander, purpled yet with blood
Of Greeks and Trojans, which therein did die;
Pactolus glistening with his golden flood;
And Tygris fierce, whose streams of none may be withstood.

Great Ganges, Immortal Euphrates,
Deep Indus, and Mæander intricate,
Slow Peneus, and tempestuous Phasides,
Swift Rhene, and Alpheus, still immaculate,
Ooraxes feared for great Cyrus' fate,
Tybris renowned for the Romaines fame.
Rich Oranochy though but known late;
And the huge river which doth bear the name
Of warlike Amazons which doe possess the same.

The noble Thames, with all his goodly train;
The Ouze whom men doe rightly Isis name;
The bounteous Trent, that in himself enseames
Both thirty sorts of fish, and thirty streams;
The chaulky Kenet, and the Thetis gay,
The morish Cole, and the soft-sliding Breane,
The wanton Lee that oft doth lose his way,

And the still Darent, in whose waters cleane
Ten thousand fishes play, and deck his pleasant streame.

There was the speedy Tamar, which divides
The Cornish and the Devonish confines ;
Through both whose borders, swiftly down it glides,
And meeting Plim, to Plimmouth thence declines :
And Dart, nigh chokt with sands of tinny mines :
But Avon marched in more stately path
Proud of his adamants with which he shines
And glisters wide, as als of wondrous Bath,
And Bristowe faire, which on his waves he builded hath.

And these the Severne followed in state ;
And storming Humber, showing much his might ;
Next came the Stoure inspiring terroure great,
Bearing his six deformed heads on hight ;
And Mole, that like a nousling mole doth make
His way still underground, till Thames he overtake.

Next these the plenteous Ouze came far from land,
By many a city and by many a towne,
And many rivers taken underhand
Into his waters, as he passeth downe,
The Cle, the Were, the Guant, the Sture, the Rowne
Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge flit,
My mother Cambridge, whom as with a crowne
He doth adorne, and is adorned of it
With many a gentle muse, and many a learned wit.

Next these came Tyne, along whose stony bancke
That Romaine monarch built a brazen wall,
Which mote the feebled Britons strongly flancke
Against the Picks, that swarmed over all,
Which yet thereof Gualsever they doe call :
And Twede, the limit betwix Logris' land
And Albany : and Eden though but small,
Yet often stainde with bloude of many a band
Of Scots and English both, that tyned on his strand.

Spenser.

EX. 51.

A Wild Night at Sea.

A dark and dreary night ; people nestling in their beds or
circling late about the fire ; want, colder than charity, shivering
at the street corners ; church towers humming with the
faint vibration of their own tongues, but newly resting from
the ghostly preachment 'One !' The earth covered with a

sable pall as for the burial of yesterday ; the clumps of dark trees, their giant plumes of funeral feathers waving sadly to and fro ; all hushed, all noiseless, and in deep repose, save the swift clouds that skim across the moon, and the cautious wind, as creeping after them upon the ground, it stops to listen and goes rustling on, and stops again, and follows, like a savage on the trail. Whither go the clouds and winds so eagerly ? If like guilty spirits they repair to some dread conference with powers like themselves, in what wild region do the elements hold council, or where unbend in terrible disport ? Here ! Free from that cramped prison called earth, and out upon the waste of waters ;—here, roaring, raging, shrieking, howling all night long. Hither come the sounding voices from the caverns on the coast of that small island, sleeping a thousand miles away so quietly in the midst of angry waves ; and hither, to meet them, rush the blasts from unknown desert places of the world. Here, in the fury of their unchecked liberty, they storm and buffet with each other, until the sea, lashed into passion like their own, leaps up in ravings mightier than theirs, and the whole scene is whirling madness. On, on, on, over the countless miles of angry space roll the long, heaving billows. Mountains and caves are here, and yet are not ; for what is now the one, is now the other ; then all is but a boiling heap of rushing water, pursuit, and flight, and mad return of wave on wave, and savage struggling, ending in a spouting up of foam that whitens the black night ; incessant change of place, and form, and hue ; constancy in nothing but eternal strife. On, on, on they roll, and darker grows the night, and louder howl the winds, and more clamorous and fierce become the million voices in the sea, when the wild cry goes forth upon the storm, ‘ A ship ! ’ Onward she comes, in gallant combat with the elements, her tall masts trembling, and her timbers starting on the strain ; onward she comes, now high upon the curling billows, now low down in the hollows of the sea, as hiding for the moment from its fury ; and every storm voice in the air and water cries more loudly yet, ‘ A ship ! ’ Still she comes striving on ; and at her boldness and the spreading cry, the angry waves rise up above each other’s hoary heads to look ; and round about the vessel, far as the mariners on her decks can pierce into the gloom, they press upon her, forcing each other down, and starting up and rushing forward from afar, in dreadful curiosity. High over her they break, and round her surge and roar, and, giving place to others, moaningly depart, and dash themselves to fragments in their baffled anger. Still she comes onward

bravely. And though the eager multitude crowd thick and fast upon her all the night, and dawn of day discovers the untiring train yet bearing down upon the ship in an eternity of troubled water, onward she comes, with dim lights burning in her hull, and people there asleep ; as if no deadly element were peering in at every seam and chink, and no drowned seamen's grave, with but a plank to cover it, were yawning in the unfathomable depths below.

Dickens.

Ex. 52.

Dangers of the Deep.

'Tis pleasant by the cheerful hearth to hear
Of tempests, and the dangers of the deep,
And pause at times, and feel that we are safe ;
Then listen to the perilous tale again,
And, with an eager and suspended soul,
Woo terror to delight us. But to hear
The roaring of the raging elements ;
To know all human skill, all human strength,
Avail not ; to look around, and only see
The mountain-wave incumbent, with its weight
Of bursting waters, o'er the reeling bark ;—
Ah, me ! this is indeed a dreadful thing :
And he who hath endured the horror once
Of such an hour, doth never hear the storm
Howl round his home but he remembers it,
And thinks upon the suffering mariner.

Southey.

Ex. 53.

Night Scene on Lake Geneva.

Clear, placid Leman ! thy contrasted lake
With the wide world I've dwelt in is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction ; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar ; but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should ere have been so moved.
It is the hush of night ; and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darkened Jura, whose capped heights appear

Precipitously steep ; and drawing near,
 There breathes a living fragrance from the shore, .
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood ; on the ear
 Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
 Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more.

He is an evening reveller, who makes
 His life an infancy, and sings his fill ;
 At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
 Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
 There seems a floating whisper on the hill ;—
 But that is fancy ; for the starlight dews
 All silently their tears of love distil,
 Weeping themselves away till they infuse
 Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

Ye stars ! which are the poetry of heaven,
 If in your bright leaves, we would read the fate
 Of men and empires,—'tis to be forgiven,
 That in our aspirations to be great
 Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
 And claim a kindred with you ; for ye are
 A beauty and a mystery, and create
 In us such love and reverence from afar,
 That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a
 star.

All heaven and earth are still,—though not in sleep,
 But breathless, as we grow when feeling most ;
 And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep :—
 All heaven and earth are still : From the high host
 Of stars to the lulled lake, and mountain coast,
 All is centered in a life intense,
 Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
 But hath a part of being, and a sense
 Of That which is of all Creator and Defence.

* * * * *

The sky is changed ! and such a change ! Oh Night,
 And Storm, and Darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
 Of a dark eye in woman ! Far along,
 From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
 Leaps the live thunder !—not from one lone cloud,
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue ;
 And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
 Back to the joyous Alps who call to her aloud !

And this is in the night :—Most glorious night !
Thou wert not sent for slumber ! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
A portion of the tempest and of thee !
How the lit lake shines,—a phosphoric sea,—
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth !
And now again 'tis black—and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Byron.

EX. 54.

One Niche the Highest.

The scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting butments, 'when the morning stars sang together.' The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers is full of stars, although it is mid-day. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone to the key of that vast arch, which appears to them only the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered the more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence-chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last this feeling begins to wear away ; they look around them, and find that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone butments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. 'What man has done, man can do,' is their watchword, while they draw themselves up, and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is 'no royal road to learning.' This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach—a name which will be green in the memory of the world when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, he had been there and left his name, a foot above any of his predecessors. It was a glorious thought to write his name side by side with that great father of his country. He

grasps his knife with a firmer hand, and clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts again into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands ; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands. 'Tis a dangerous adventure ; but as he puts his feet and hands into those gains, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in wide capitals, large and deep, into that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new-created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough ; heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The gradations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear. He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half-way to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words, of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment ! what a meagre chance to escape destruction ! there is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet, and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that 'freeze their young blood.' He is too high to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind, he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearthstone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair,—'William ! William ! Don't look down ! Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet, are all here praying for you ! Don't look down ! Keep your eyes towards the top !' The boy didn't look down. His eye is fixed like a

flint towards heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below ! How carefully he uses his wasting blade ! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier ! How he avoids every flinty grain ! How he economises his physical powers, resting a moment at every gain he cuts ! How every motion is watched from below ! There stand his father, mother, brother, and sister, on the very spot, where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is halfway down in the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rock, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction to get from this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is in his bosom ; its vital heat is fed by the increasing shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs, trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands upon the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty more gains must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more and all will be over. That blade is worn to the last half-inch. The boy's head reels ; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart, his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last. At the last flint gash he makes, his knife—his faithful knife—falls from his little nerveless hand, and, ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is still as a grave. At a height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God ! 'Tis but a moment—there ! one foot swings off !—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into eternity. Hark !—a shout falls on his ear from above ! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arm into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words 'God !' and 'Mother !' whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven—the tightening rope lifts him out of his last hollow niche. Not a lip moves while he is

dangling over that fearful abyss ; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude—such shouting ! and such leaping and weeping for joy, never greeted a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

Elihu Burrit.

Ex. 55.

The Song of Steam.

Harness me down with your iron bands—
Be sure of your curb and rein ;
For I scorn the power of your puny hands
As the tempest scorns a chain.
How I laughed, as I lay concealed from sight
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boast of human might,
And the pride of human power !

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting the wayward breeze ;
When I marked the peasant faintly reel
With the toil which he daily bore,
As he feebly turn'd at the tardy wheel,
Or tugg'd at the weary oar.

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
The flight of the carrier dove,
As they bore the law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love ;
I could not but think how the world would feel,
As these were outstripped afar
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the flying car.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine
My tireless arm doth play,
Where the rock never saw the sun decline,
Or the dawn of a glorious day.
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden cave below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush overflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
 In all the shops of trade;
 I hammer the ore and turn the wheel
 Where my arms of strength are made :
 I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint,
 I carry, I spin, I weave ;
 And all my doings I put into print
 On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay,
 No bones to be 'laid on the shelf ;'
 And soon I intend you may 'go and play,'
 While I manage the world by myself.
 But harness me down with your iron bands—
 Be sure of your curb and rein ;
 For I scorn the strength of your puny hands
 As the tempest scorns a chain. *G. W. Cutler.*

EX. 56. *The Schoolmaster and the Conqueror.*

But there is nothing which the adversaries of improvement are more wont to make themselves merry with than what is termed the 'march of intellect ;' and here I will confess, that I think, as far as the phrase goes, they are in the right. It is a very absurd, because a very incorrect expression. It is little calculated to describe the operation in question. It does not picture an image at all resembling the proceedings of the true friends of mankind. It much more resembles the progress of the enemy to all improvement. The conqueror moves in a march. He stalks onward with the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance of war'—banners flying—shouts rending the air—guns thundering—and martial music pealing, to drown the shrieks of the wounded, and the lamentations for the slain. Not thus the schoolmaster, in his peaceful vocation. He meditates and prepares in secret the plans which are to bless mankind ; he slowly gathers round him those who are to further their execution—he quietly, though firmly, advances in his humble path, labouring steadily, but calmly, till he has opened to the light all the recesses of ignorance, and torn up by the roots the weeds of vice. His is a progress not to be compared with anything like a march ; but it leads to a far more brilliant triumph, and to laurels more imperishable, than the destroyer of his species, the scourge of the world, ever won. Such men—men deserving the glorious title of Teachers of Mankind—I have found,

labouring conscientiously, though perhaps obscurely, in their blessed vocation, wherever I have gone. I have found them and shared their fellowship, among the daring, the ambitious, the ardent, the indomitably active French ; I have found them among the persevering, resolute, industrious Swiss ; I have found them among the laborious, the warmhearted, the enthusiastic Germans ; I have found them among the highminded, but enslaved Italians ; and in our own country, God be thanked, their number everywhere abound, and are every day increasing. Their calling is high and holy ; their fame is the property of nations ; their renown will fill the earth in after ages, in proportion as it sounds not far off in their own times. Each one of those great teachers of the world, possessing his soul in peace, performs his appointed course ; awaits in patience the fulfilment of the promises ; and, resting from his labours, bequeaths his memory to the generation whom his works have blessed, and sleeps under the humble but not inglorious epitaph, commemorating 'one in whom mankind lost a friend, and no man got rid of an enemy.'

Brougham.

Ex. 57.*To a Waterfowl.*

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side ?

There is a Power, whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end :
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest
And scream among thy fellows : reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone ! the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He, who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

Bryant.

Ex. 58.

Grass.

Gather a single blade of grass, and examine for a minute, quietly, its narrow sword-shaped strip of fluted green. Nothing, as it seems there, of notable goodness or beauty. A very little strength, and a very little tallness, and a few delicate long lines meeting in a point—not a perfect point neither, but blunt and unfinished, by no means apparently a much-cared-for example of Nature's workmanship ; made, as it seems, only to be trodden on to-day, and to-morrow to be cast into the oven ; and a little pale hollow stalk, feeble and flaccid, leading down to the dull brown fibres of roots. And yet, think of it well, and judge whether of all the gorgeous flowers that beam in summer air, and of all strong and goodly trees, pleasant to the eyes or good for food—stately palm and pine, strong ash and oak, scented citron, burdened vine—there be any by man so deeply loved, by God so highly graced, as that narrow point of feeble green. It seems to me not to have been without a peculiar significance that our Lord, when about to work the miracle, which of all that He showed, appears to have been felt by the multitude as the most impressive—the miracle of the loaves—commanded the people to sit down by companies 'upon the green grass.' He was about to feed them with the principal produce of the earth and sea, the simplest representations of the food of mankind. He gave them the *seed* of the herb : he bade them sit down upon the herb itself, which was as great a gift, in its fitness for their joy and rest, as its perfect fruit for their sustenance ; thus, in this single order and act, when rightly understood, indicating for evermore how the Creator had entrusted the comfort, consolation, and

sustenance of man, to the simplest and most despised of all the leafy families of the earth. And well does it fulfil its mission. Consider what we owe merely to the meadow grass, to the covering of the dark ground by that glorious enamel, by the companies of those soft, and countless, and peaceful spears. The fields! Follow but forth for a little time the thoughts of all that we ought to recognise in those words: All spring and summer is in them—the walks by silent, scented paths—the rests in noonday heat—the joy of herds and flocks—the power of all shepherd life and meditation—the life of sunlight upon the world, falling in emerald streaks, and in soft blue shadows, where else it would have struck upon the bare, dark mould, or scorching dust—pastures beside the pacing brooks—soft banks and knolls of lowly hills—thymy slopes of down overlooked by the blue line of lifted sea—crisp lawns all dim with early dew, or smooth in evening warmth of barred sunshine, dinted by happy feet, and softening in their fall the sound of loving voices: all these are summed in those simple words; and these are not all. We may not measure to the full the depth of this heavenly gift, in our own land; though still, as we think of it longer, the infinite of that meadow sweetness, would open on us more and more, yet we have it but in part. Go out, in the spring time, among the meadows that slope from the shores of the Swiss lakes to the roots of their lower mountains. There, mingled with the taller gentians and the white narcissus, the grass grows deep and free; and as you follow the winding mountain paths, beneath arching boughs all veiled and dim with blossom,—paths that for ever droop and rise over the green banks and mounds sweeping down in scented undulation, steep to the blue water, studded here and there with new-mown heaps, filling all the air with fainter sweetness—look up towards the higher hills, where the waves of everlasting green roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the pines; and we may, perhaps, at last know the meaning of those quiet words of the 147th Psalm, ‘He maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.’

There are also several lessons symbolically connected with this subject, which we must not allow to escape us. Observe, the peculiar characters of the grass, which adapt it especially for the service of man, are its apparent *humility*, and *cheerfulness*. Its humility, in that it seems created only for lowest service,—appointed to be trodden on, and fed upon. Its cheerfulness, in that it seems to exult under all kinds of violence and suffering. You roll it, and it is stronger the next day; you mow it, and it multiplies its shoots, as if it

were grateful ; you tread upon it, and it only sends up richer perfume. Spring comes, and it rejoices with all the earth,—glowing with variegated flame of flowers,—waving in soft depth of fruitful strength. Winter comes, and though it will not mock its fellow plants by growing then, it will not pine and mourn, and turn colourless or leafless as they. It is always green ; and is only the brighter and gayer for the hoar-frost.

Ruskin.

EX. 59. *About Ben Adhem and the Angel.*

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel, writing in a book of gold :—
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the presence in the room he said,
 ‘What writest thou ?’ The vision raised its head,
 And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answered, ‘The names of those who love the Lord.’
 ‘And is mine one ?’ said Abou. ‘Nay, not so,’
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerly still ; and said, ‘I pray thee then,
 Write me as one who loves his fellow-men.’
 The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
 It came again with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God had bless’d,
 And lo ! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest.

Leigh Hunt.

EX. 60. *The Wife’s Duty to her Husband.*

Fie, fie ! unknit that threatening, unkind brow ;
 And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
 To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor :
 It blots thy beauty, as frost bites the meads ;
 Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds ;
 And in no sense is meet, or amiable.
 A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
 Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty ;
 And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
 Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
 Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,

Thy head, thy sovereign ; one that cares for thee,
 And for thy maintenance commits his body
 To painful labour, both by sea and land ;
 To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
 While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe ;
 And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
 But love, fair looks, and true obedience ;—
 Too little payment for so great a debt.
 Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
 Even such a woman oweth to her husband ;
 And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
 And not obedient to his honest will,
 What is she but a foul contending rebel,
 And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?—
 I am ashamed that women are so simple
 To offer war where they should kneel for peace ;
 Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
 When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
 Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
 Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
 But that our soft conditions and our hearts
 Should well agree with our external parts ?

Shakspeare.

EX. 61. *Description of the Queen of France.*

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles ; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in, glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh, what a revolution ! What a heart I must have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall ! Little did I dream that, when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom ; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded ; and the glory of Europe is ex-

tinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone. It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.

Burke.

EX. 62.

A Mother's Love.

A Mother's Love !—how sweet the name !

What is a Mother's Love ?—

A noble, pure, and tender flame, .

Enkindled from above,

To bless a heart of earthly mould—

The warmest love that *can* grow cold ;—

This is a Mother's Love.

To bring a helpless babe to light,

Then while it lies forlorn,

To gaze upon that dearest sight,

And feel herself new-born ;

In its existence lose her own,

And live and breathe in it alone ;—

This is a Mother's Love.

In weakness in her arms to bear,

To cherish on her breast,

Feed it from Love's own fountain there,

And lull it there to rest ;

Then while it slumbers watch its breath,

As if to guard from instant death ;—

This is a Mother's Love.

To mark its growth from day to day,

Its opening charms admire,

Catch from its eye the earliest ray

Of intellectual fire ;

To smile and listen while it talks,

And lend a finger when it walks ;—

This is a Mother's Love.

And can a Mother's Love grow cold—
Can she forget her boy ?
His pleading innocence behold,
Nor weep for grief—for joy ?
A mother may forget her child,
While wolves devour it on the wild ;—
Is *this* a Mother's Love ?

Ten thousand voices answer, ' No !'
Ye clasp your babes and kiss ;
Your bosoms yearn, your eyes o'erflow ;
Yet, ah ! remember this ;—
The infant reared alone for earth,
May live, may die—to curse his birth ;—
Is *this* a Mother's Love ?

A parent's heart may prove a snare :
The child she loves so well,
Her hand may lead, with gentlest care,
Down the smooth road to hell !
Nourish its frame—destroy its mind ;—
Thus do the blind mislead the blind,
Even with a Mother's Love.

Blest infant ! whom his mother taught
Early to seek the Lord,
And poured upon his dawning thought
The dayspring of the word ;
This was the lesson to her son,
Time is Eternity begun ;—
Behold that Mother's Love !

Blest mother ! who in Wisdom's path,
By her own parent trod,
Thus taught her son to flee the wrath,
And know the fear of God :
Ah, youth ! like him enjoy your prime,—
Begin eternity in time,
Taught by that Mother's Love.

That Mother's Love !—how sweet the name !
What *was* that Mother's Love ?
The noblest, purest, tenderest flame,
That kindles from above,
Within a heart of earthly mould,
As much of heaven as heart can hold,
Nor through eternity grows old ;—
This was that Mother's Love.

Montgomery.

Ex. 63.

Death of Marie-Antoinette.

On Monday, the 14th of October, 1793, a cause is pending in the Palais de Justice, in the new Revolutionary Court, such as these old stone walls never witnessed,—the trial of Marie-Antoinette. The once brightest of queens, now tarnished, defaced, forsaken, stands here at Fouquier-Tinville's judgment-bar, answering for her life. The indictment was delivered her last night. To such changes of human fortune what words are adequate? Silence alone is adequate.

Marie-Antoinette, in this her utter abandonment and hour of extreme need, is not wanting to herself, the imperial woman. Her look, they say, as that hideous indictment was reading, continued calm; 'she was sometimes observed moving her fingers as when one plays on the piano.' You discern, not without interest, across that dim revolutionary bulletin itself, how she bears herself queen-like. Her answers are prompt, clear, often of laconic brevity; resolution, which has grown contemptuous, without ceasing to be dignified, veils itself in calm words. 'You persist then in denial?' 'My plan is not denial; it is the truth I have said, and I persist in that.'

At four o'clock on Wednesday morning, after two days and two nights of interrogating, jury-charging, and other darkening of counsel, the result comes out—sentence of death! 'Have you anything to say?' The accused shook her head without speech. Night's candles are burning out; and with her too time is finishing, and it will be eternity and—day. This hall of Tinville's is dark, ill-lighted except where she stands. Silently she withdraws from it, to die. . . .

Is there a man's heart that thinks without pity of those long months and years of slow, wasting ignominy; of thy birth, soft cradled in imperial Schönbrunn, the winds of heaven not to visit thy face too roughly, thy foot to light on softness, thy eye on splendour; and then of thy death, or hundred deaths, to which the guillotine and Fouquier-Tinville's judgment-bar were but the merciful end? Look there, O man born of woman! The bloom of that fair face is wasted, the hair is grey with care; the brightness of those eyes is quenched, their lids hang drooping; the face is stony pale, as of one living in death. Mean weeds, which her own hand has mended, attire the queen of the world. The death-hurdle where thou sittest pale, motionless, which only curses environ, has to stop; a people, drunk with vengeance, will drink it again in full draught, looking at thee there. Far as the eye reaches, a multitudinous sea of maniac heads,

the air deaf with their triumph-yell. The living-dead must shudder with yet another pang; her startled blood yet again suffuses with the hue of agony that pale face, which she hides with her hands. There is there no heart to say, God pity thee! O think not of these; think of Him whom thou worshippest, the Crucified—who also treading the wine-press alone, fronted sorrow still deeper, and triumphed over it, and made it holy, and built of it a ‘sanctuary of sorrow’ for thee and all the wretched. Thy path of thorns is nigh ended; one long last look at the Tuileries, where thy step was once so light—where thy children shall not dwell. The head is on the block; the axe rushes—dumb lies the world; that wild-yelling world, with all its madness, is behind thee.

Carlyle.

Ex. 64.

The Death Bed.

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers,
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied,
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed,—she had
Another morn than ours.

T. Hood.

Ex. 65.

Resignation.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours,
Amid these earthly damps ;
What seem to us but sad funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death ! What seems so is transition ;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air ;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace ;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
 We may not wholly stay ;
 By silence sanctifying, not concealing
 The grief that must have way.

Longfellow.

EX. 66.

Faith.

‘Unto the Godly there ariseth up light in darkness.’

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on!
 The night is dark, and I am far from home—
 Lead Thou me on!
 Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on.
 I loved to choose and see my path ; but now,
 Lead Thou me on !
 I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on,
 O’er moor and fen, o’er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone ;
 And with the morn those angel faces smile
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Newman.

EX. 67.

Night and Death.

Mysterious Night ! when our first parent knew
 Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
 Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
 This glorious canopy of light and blue ?
 Yet ’neath a curtain of translucent dew,
 Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
 Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
 And lo ! creation widened in man’s view.
 Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
 Within thy beams, O sun ! or who could find,
 Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
 That to such countless orbs thou mad’st us blind.

Why do we then shun death with anxious strife ?
 If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life ?

Blanco White.

EX. 68.

Ode on the Passions.

When Music, heavenly maid ! was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Throng'd around her magic cell ;
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
 Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting,
 By turns they felt the glowing mind
 Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd ;
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
 Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
 From the supporting myrtles round
 They snatch'd her instruments of sound ;
 And as they oft had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
 Each (for madness ruled the hour)
 Would prove his own expressive pow'r.

First FEAR his hand, his skill to try,
 Amid the chords, bewilder'd laid—
 And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
 E'en at the sound himself had made.
 Next ANGER rush'd, his eyes on fire,
 In lightnings own'd his secret stings :
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
 And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan DESPAIR—
 Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd ;
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air ;
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O HOPE ! with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure ?
 Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !
 Still would her touch the strain prolong ;
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She call'd on Echo still through all the song ;
 And where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close ;
 And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair :

And longer had she sung—but with a frown
 REVENGE impatient rose ;
 He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
 And, with a withering look,
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe ;
 And ever and anon he beat
 The doubling drum with furious heat ;
 And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
 Dejected PITY at his side
 Her soul subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
 While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his
 head.

Thy numbers, JEALOUSY, to nought were fix'd ;
 Sad proof of thy distressful state ;
 Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
 And now it courted LOVE, now raving call'd on HATE.

With eyes uprais'd, as one inspir'd,
 Pale MELANCHOLY sat retir'd,
 And from her wild sequester'd seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul ;
 And dashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound ;
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole :
 Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
 Round a holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away.

But, O ! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone,
 When CHEERFULNESS, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
 The hunter's call, to Fawn and Dryad known ;
 The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
 Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen
 Peeping from forth their alleys green ;
 Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
 And Sport leap'd up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.

Last came JOY's ecstatic trial :
 He, with viny crown advancing,

First to the lively pipe his hand address'd ;
But soon he saw the brisk, awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.

They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,

To some unwearied minstrel dancing :

While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love fram'd with Mirth, a gay fantastic round,
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,

And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O MUSIC ! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,
Why, Goddess ! why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?
As in that lov'd Athenian bow'r,
You learn'd an all-commanding pow'r ;
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd !
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art ?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !
Thy wonders in that godlike age
Fill thy recording Sister's page—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age ;
Even all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound.
Oh, bid our vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece ;
Return in all thy simple state,
Confirm the tale her sons relate !

Collins.

EX. 69.

*Laodamia.**

'With sacrifice before the rising morn
Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired ;
And from the infernal Gods, 'mid shades forlorn
Of night, my slaughtered lord have I required ;
Celestial pity I again implore :—
Restore him to my sight—great Jove, restore !'

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed
With faith, the suppliant heavenward lifts her hands ;
While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,
Her countenance brightens—and her eye expands ;
Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows ;
And she expects the issue in repose.
O terror ! what hath she perceived ? O joy !
What doth she look on ? Whom doth she behold ?
Her hero slain upon the beach of Troy ?
His vital presence ? his corporeal mould ?
It is—if sense deceive her not—'tis He !
And a god leads him, winged Mercury !
Mild Hermes spake—and touched her with his wand
That calms all fear : 'Such grace hath crowned thy prayer,
Laodamia ! that at Jove's command
Thy husband walks the paths of upper air :
He comes to tarry with thee three hours' space ;
Accept the gift ; behold him face to face !'
Forth sprang the impassioned Queen her lord to clasp ;
Again that consummation she assayed ;
But unsubstantial form eludes her grasp
As often as that eager grasp was made.
The phantom parts—but parts to re-unite,
And re-assume his place before her sight.

'Protesilaus, lo ! thy guide is gone !
Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice :
This is our palace,—yonder is thy throne ;
Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on will rejoice.
Not to appal me have the Gods bestowed
This precious boon ; and blest a sad abode.'

'Great Jove, Laodamia ! doth not leave
His gifts imperfect :—spectre though I be,
I am not sent to scare thee or deceive ;
But in reward for thy fidelity.

* Laodamia, after her husband Protesilaus was slain before Troy, begged the Gods to allow her to see him for only three hours. The request was granted ; and when Protesilaus was carried back by Hermes, Laodamia died of grief.

And something also did my worth obtain ;
 For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.
 Thou knowest, the Delphic oracle foretold
 That the first Greek who touched the Trojan strand
 Should die ; but me the threat could not withhold :
 A generous cause a victim did demand ;
 And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain ;
 A self-devoted chief—by Hector slain.'

'Supreme of heroes—bravest, noblest, best !
 Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,
 Which then, when tens of thousands were deprest
 By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore :
 Thou found'st—and I forgive thee—here thou art—
 A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.
 But thou, though capable of sternest deed,
 Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave ;
 And he, whose power restores thee, hath decreed
 That thou should'st cheat the malice of the grave ;
 Redundant are thy locks, thy lips are fair
 As when their breath enriched Thessalian air.
 No spectre greets me,—no vain shadow this ;
 Come, blooming hero, place thee by my side !'

* * * * *

Jove frowned in heaven : the conscious Parcæ threw
 Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue. . . .

'This visage tells thee that my doom is past :
 Nor should the change be mourned, even if the joys
 Of sense were able to return as fast,
 And surely as they vanish. Earth destroys
 Those raptures duly—Erebus disdains :
 Calm pleasure there abide—majestic pains.
 Be taught, O faithful consort, to control
 Rebellious passion : for the Gods approve
 The depth, and not the tumult of the soul ;
 A fervent not ungovernable love.
 Thy transports moderate ; and meekly mourn
 When I depart, for brief is my sojourn. . . .
 And thou, though strong in love, art all too weak
 In reason, in self-government too slow ;
 I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
 Our blest reunion in the shades below.
 The invisible world with thee hath sympathised,
 By thy affections raised and solemnised.
 Learn, by a mortal yearning, to ascend—

Seeking a higher object. Love was given,
 Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end ;
 For this the passion to excess was driven,
 That self might be annulled ; her bondage prove
 The fetters of a dream, opposed to love.' . . .

Aloud she shrieked ! for Hermes reappears !
 Round the dear shade she would have clung—'tis vain :
 The hours are past—too brief had they been years ;
 And him no mortal effort can detain.
 Swift, towards the realms that know no earthly day,
 He through the portal takes his silent way,
 And on the palace floor a lifeless corse she lay.

She—who, though warned, exhorted, and reproved,
 Thus died, from passion desperate to a crime—
 By the just Gods, whom no weak pity moved,
 Was doomed to wear out her appointed time,
 Apart from happy ghosts, that gather flowers
 Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.
 Yet tears to mortal suffering are due ;
 And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown
 Are mourned by man,—and not by man alone,
 As fondly he believes.—Upon the side
 Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)
 A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
 From out the tomb of him for whom she died ;
 And ever, when such stature they had gained
 That Ilium's walls were subject to their view,
 The trees' tall summits withered at the sight ;
 A constant interchange of growth and blight.

Wordsworth.

EX. 70.

The Lord of Burleigh.

In her ear he whispers gayly,
 ' If my heart by signs can tell,
 Maiden I have watched thee daily,
 And I think thou lov'st me well.'
 She replies in accents fainter,
 ' There is none I love like thee.'
 He is but a landscape-painter ;
 And a village maiden she.
 He to lips that fondly falter,
 Presses his without reproof ;
 Leads her to the village altar,
 And they leave her father's roof.

'I can make no marriage present ;
Little can I give my wife.
Love will make our cottage pleasant,
And I love thee more than life.'
Then by parks and lodges going,
See the lordly castles stand ;
Summer woods, about them blowing,
Made a murmur in the land.
From deep thought himself he rouses,
Says to her that loves him well,
'Let us see these handsome houses
Where the wealthy nobles dwell.'
So she goes by him attended,
Hears him lovingly converse,
Sees whatever fair and splendid
Lay betwixt his home and hers ;
Parks with oak and chestnut shady,
Parks and ordered gardens great,
Ancient homes of lord and lady,
Built for pleasure and for state.
All he shows her makes him dearer,
Evermore she seems to gaze
On that cottage growing nearer,
Where they twain will spend their happy days.
Oh ! but she will love him truly !
He shall have a cheerful home ;
She will order all things duly,
When beneath his roof they come.
Thus her heart rejoices greatly,
Till a gateway she discerns
With armorial bearings stately,
And beneath the gate she turns ;
Sees a mansion more majestic
Than all those she saw before :
Many a gallant gay domestic
Bows before him at the door.
And they speak in gentle murmur,
When they answer to his call,
While he treads with footsteps firmer,
Leading on from hall to hall.
And, while now she wonders blindly,
Nor the meaning can divine,
Proudly turns he round and kindly,
'All this is mine and thine.'
Here he lives in state and bounty,
Lord Burleigh, fair and free,

Not a lord in all the county
Is so great a lord as he.
All at once the colour flushes
Her sweet face from brow to chin :
As it were with shame she blushes,
And her spirit changed within.
Then her countenance all over
Pale again as death did prove :
But he clasped her like a lover,
And he cheered her soul with love.
So she strove against her weakness,
Though at times her spirit sank :
Shaped her heart with woman's meekness
To all duties of her rank.
And a gentle consort made he,
And her gentle mind was such
That she grew a noble lady,
And the people loved her much.
But a trouble weighed upon her,
And perplexed her night and morn,
With the burden of an honour
Unto which she was not born.
Faint she grew, and ever fainter,
As she murmured, ' Oh ! that he
Were once more that landscape-painter
Which did win my heart from me ! '
So she drooped and drooped before him,
Fading slowly from his side:
Three fair children first she bore him,
Then before her time she died.
Weeping, weeping late and early,
Walking up and pacing down,
Deeply mourned the Lord of Burleigh,
Burleigh House, by Stamford town.
And he came to look upon her,
And he looked at her and said,
' Bring the dress and put it on her,
That she wore when she was wed.'
Then her people, softly treading,
Bore to earth her body, drest
In the dress that she was wed in,
That her spirit might have rest.

Tennyson.

No. 71.

The Bells.

Hear the sledges with the bells—Silver bells !
What a world of merriment their melody foretells !

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night !

While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle

With a crystalline delight.

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinabulation that so musically swells

From the bells, bells, bells, bells—

From the jingling and the tingling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—Golden bells !

What a world of happiness their harmony foretells !

Through the balmy air of night

How they ring out their delight !

From the molten-golden notes,

And all in tune.

What a liquid ditty floats

To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats

On the moon !

Oh, from out the sounding cells,

What a gush of euphony voluminously wells !

How it swells ;—how it dwells

On the Future ! how it tells

Of the rapture that impels

To the swinging and the ringing

Of the bells, bells, bells,

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,

To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells !

Hear the loud alarum bells—Brazen bells !

What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells !

In the startled ear of night

How they scream out their affright !

Too much horrified to speak,

They can only shriek, shriek,

Out of tune.

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,

In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,

Leaping higher, higher, higher,

With a desperate desire,

And a resolute endeavour

Now—now to sit or never,

By the side of the pale-faced moon.

Oh, the bells, bells, bells !
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of despair !
 How they clang, and clash, and roar !
 What a horror they outpour
 On the bosom of the palpitating air !
 Yet the ear it fully knows,
 By the twanging and the clanging,
 How the danger ebbs and flows ;
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling and the wrangling,
 How the danger sinks and swells,
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
 Of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
 In the clamour and the clangour of the bells !

 Hear the tolling of the bells !—Iron bells !
 What a world of solemn thought their monody compels !
 In the silence of the night,
 How we shiver with affright
 At the melancholy menace of their tone !
 For every sound that floats,
 From the rust within their throats,
 Is a groan.
 And the people—ah ! the people—
 They that dwell up in the steeple
 All alone,
 And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone—
 They are neither man nor woman—
 They are neither brute nor human—
 They are Ghouls :
 And their king it is who tolls ;
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls,
 A psæan from the bells !
 And his merry bosom swells
 With the psæan of the bells—
 And he dances and he yells ;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the psæan of the bells—
 Of the bells !
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the throbbing of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 To the sobbing of the bells ;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 To the tolling of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

Edgar A. Poe.

Ex. 72.*The Hebrew Maid.*

She walks in beauty, like the night
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies ;
 And all that's best of dark and bright
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes :
 Thus mellow'd to that tender light
 Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
 Had half impair'd the nameless grace
 Which waves in every raven tress,
 Or softly lightens o'er her face ;
 Where thoughts serenely sweet express
 How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
 So soft, so calm, so eloquent,
 The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
 But tell of days of goodness spent.
 A mind at peace with all below,
 A heart whose love is innocent !

Byron.

Ex. 73.*Evening Prayer at a Girls' School.*

Hush ! 'tis a holy hour—the quiet room
 Seems like a temple, while yon soft lamp sheds
 A faint and starry radiance, through the gloom
 And the sweet stillness, down on bright young heads,
 And all their clustering locks, untouched by care,
 And bowed—as flowers are bowed with night—in prayer.
 Gaze on, 'tis lovely !—Childhood's lip and cheek,
 Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought !

Gaze, yet what seest thou in those fair and meek
 And fragile things, as but for sunshine wrought?—
 Thou seest what Grief must nurture for the sky,
 What death must fashion for eternity.
 O joyous creatures! that will sink to rest
 Lightly, when those pure Orisons are done,
 As birds with slumber's honey-dew oppressed,
 Midst the dim-folded leaves, at set of sun;
 Lift up your hearts! though yet no sorrow lies
 Dark in the summer-heaven of those clear eyes.
 Though fresh within your breasts the untroubled springs
 Of Hope make melody where'er ye tread,
 And o'er your sleep bright shadows, from the wings
 Of Spirits visiting but youth, be spread;
 Yet in those flute-like voices, mingling low,
 Is woman's tenderness—how soon her woe!
 O take the thought of this calm Vesper time,
 With its low murmuring sounds and silvery light,
 On through the dark days fading from their prime,
 As a sweet dew to keep your souls from blight!
 Earth will forsake—oh! happy to have given
 The unbroken heart's first fragrance unto Heaven!

Mrs. Hemans.

EX. 74. *The Triumphs of the English Language.*

Now gather all our Saxon bards,
 Let harps and hearts be strung,
 To celebrate the triumphs of
 Our own good Saxon tongue;
 Far stronger far than hosts that march
 With battle-flags unfurled,
 It goes with Freedom, Thought, and Truth,
 To rouse and rule the world.
 Stout Albion learns its household lays
 On every surf-worn shore,
 And Scotland hears its echoing far
 As Orkney's breakers roar;
 From Jura's crags and Mona's hills
 It floats on every gale,
 And warms with eloquence and song
 The homes of Innisfail.
 On many a wide and swarming deck,
 It scales the rough wave's crest,
 Seeking its peerless hermitage—
 The fresh and fruitful West.

It climbs New England's rocky steep,
As victor mounts a throne;
Niagara knows and greets the voice
Still mightier than its own.

It spreads where winter piles deep snows
On bleak Canadian plains,
And where, on Essequibo's banks,
Eternal summer reigns;
It glads Arcadia's misty coasts,
Jamaica's glowing isle,
And bides where, gay with early flowers,
Green Texan prairies smile.

It tracks the loud, swift Oregon,
Through sunset valleys rolled;
And soars where Californian brooks
Wash down their sands of gold.
It sounds in Borneo's camphor groves,
On seas of fierce Malay,
In fields that curb old Ganges' flood,
And towers of proud Bombay.

It wakes up Aden's flashing eyes,
Dusk brows, and swarthy limbs—
The dark Siberian soothes her child
With English cradle hymns!
Tasmania's maids are wooed and won
In gentle Saxon speech;
Australian boys read Crusoe's life
By Sydney's sheltered beach.

It dwells where Afric's southmost capes
Meet oceans broad and blue,
And Nieuveld's rugged mountains gird
The wide and waste Karoo.
It kindles realms so far apart,
That, while its praise you sing,
These may be clad with autumn's fruits,
And those with flowers of spring.

It quickens lands whose meteor lights
Flame in an arctic sky,
And lands for which the Southern Cross
Hangs its orb'd fires on high.
It goes with all that prophets told,
And righteous king desired—
With all that great apostles taught,
And glorious Greeks admired.

With Shakspeare's deep and wondrous verse,
 And Milton's loftier mind,
 With Alfred's laws, and Newton's lore,
 To cheer and bless mankind.
 Mark, as it spreads, how deserts bloom,
 And error flies away,
 As vanishes the mist of night
 Before the star of day !
 But grand as are the victories
 Whose monuments we see,
 These are but as the dawn which speaks
 Of noontide yet to be.
 Take heed, then, heirs of Saxon fame !
 Take heed ! nor once disgrace,
 With deadly pen or spoiling sword,
 Our noble tongue and race.
 Go forth prepared in every clime
 To love and help each other,
 And judge that they who counsel strife
 Would bid you smite—a brother.
 Go forth, and jointly speed the time,
 By good men prayed for long,
 When Christian states, grown just and wise,
 Will scorn revenge and wrong—
 When Earth's oppressed and savage tribes
 Shall cease to pine or roam,
 All taught to prize these English words—
 Faith, Freedom, Heaven, and Home !—*J. G. Lyon.*

Ex. 75.*England.*

Not yet enslaved, not wholly vile,
 O Albion ! O my mother isle !
 Thy valleys, fair as Eden's bowers,
 Glitter green with sunny showers ;
 Thy grassy uplands' gentle swells
 Echo to the bleat of flocks—
 Those grassy hills, those glittering dells
 Proudly ramparted with rocks—
 And Ocean, 'mid his uproar wild,
 Speaks safely to his island-child !
 Hence, for many a fearless age
 Has social Quiet loved thy shore
 Nor ever proud invader's rage
 Or sacked thy towers, or stained thy fields with gore.
Coleridge.

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